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A history of GGs

Men of medals: VC winners

The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

December 2005 | January 2006

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FROM TOM HANKS AND STEVEN SPIELBERG

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COVER: CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES

Special People

It has been Year of the Veteran in 2005, and while it wasn't planned as such, this issue acknowledges the debt we all owe to those who served. Two of our main features are quite different looks at the reasons veterans deserve respect.

In one, Saskatchewan writer Stephen Carthy brings back to life the experience of a humble man from Humboldt, Sask. Percy Kingsley was typical of Canadian volunteers in World War I. Untypically, he wrote a letter home that was vividly frank about what soldiers faced in the trenches. Carthy found the letter, first published in a Humboldt newspaper, and we reprint it along with Carthy's piece giving context to Percy Kingsley's understated but compelling account of war as a foot soldier.

THOMAS PRICE

We commissioned the second piece shortly after the passing in August of Sergeant Ernest "Smokey" Smith, the last surviving Canadian winner of the Victoria Cross for valour. We marked his death with a short piece in the Oct./Nov. issue, but wanted to do more to show how he represented a number of remarkable heroes. Ottawa writer Chris Cobb selected a handful from among the 94 Canadian winners of the VC, and profiles them and their heroism. As he notes in his introduction (page 29) Veterans Affairs rightly cites the 94 as representative of countless others whose acts of heroism have gone unrecorded.

These two pieces are our salute to veterans as we close out their year. In our Moment feature, assistant editor Jennifer Nault marks the original publication of *In Flanders Fields*, the quintessential testament to all the brave men and women represented by Percy Kingsley, Smokey Smith and the VC winners. (Jennifer is new to *The Beaver* with this issue.)

Those of us who have lived largely unmarked by war can only hope that there is never a need for future winners of the VC. Sadly, history tells us not to count on it.

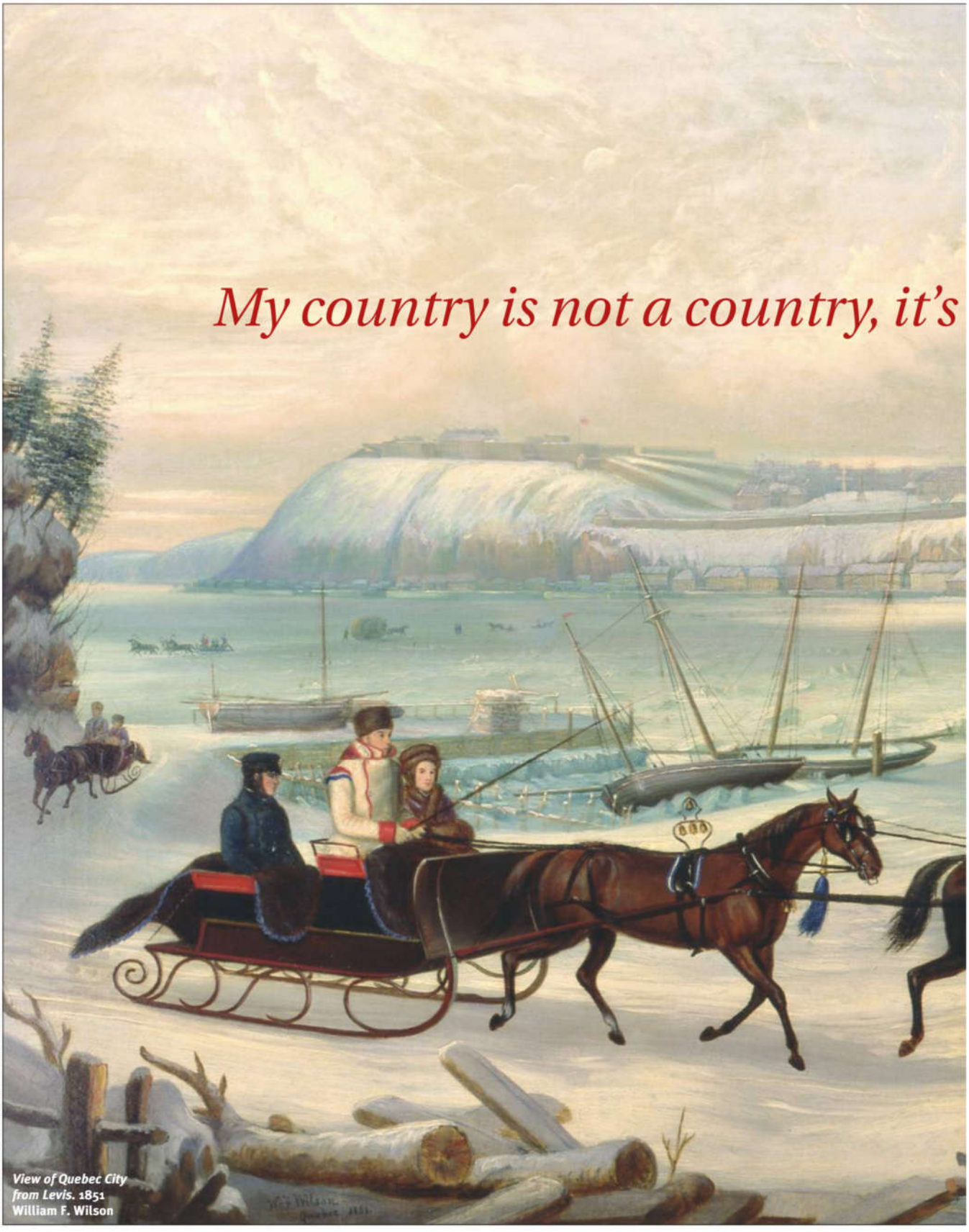
I've always been a strong supporter of Canada's military. My dad, Cpl. Robert Davis, served in the army from 1954 to 1967. I lived on a handful of Canadian bases. Dad spent two separate years away from friends and family with United Nations peacekeeping forces in and around Gaza. He was a cook (a good one, too) but he did have some harrowing moments going through checkpoints and the like. Dad is retired now in Piction, Ontario, coincidentally the town of Percy Kingsley's birth.

My oldest brother, Sgt. John Davis, having grown up military, went through cadets and militia and then joined in full. He has served all his life, stationed the past several years at Cold Lake, Alta., after a lengthy stint at Esquimalt, B.C. He has been a peacekeeper, too, representing Canada in the former Yugoslavia.

I never went further than cadets (where three Davis boys and a fellow named Kronewetter made a fine rifle team) but as a son, brother or journalist I've always known that those who serve in uniform are special people. I hope you agree, and join us in our salute to veterans.

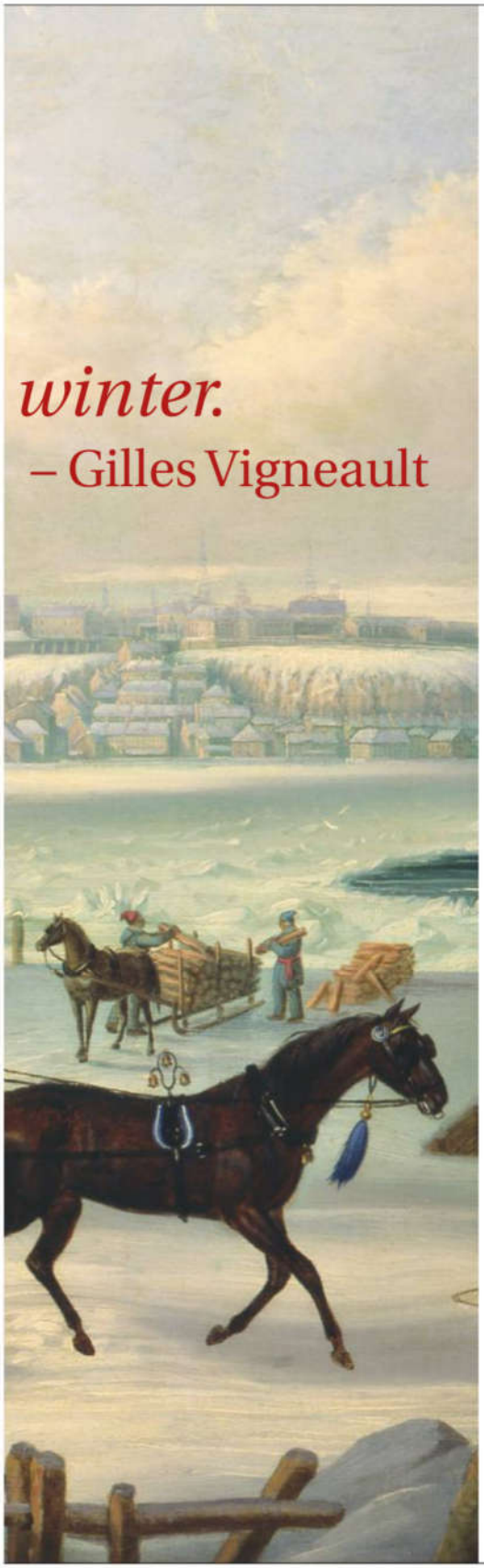
Murdoch Davis
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca

My country is not a country, it's



View of Quebec City from Levis. 1851
William F. Wilson

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY / WILLIAM F. WILSON



winter.
– Gilles Vigneault

The Beaver

December 2005 | January 2006 Vol. 85:6

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Letters

Well, shucks. Thank you!

WHAM! That's the best way to describe what hit me when I turned to pages 4 and 5 of the Oct./Nov. *Beaver* – full colour, excellent detail and a three-dimensional feeling.

Art Director Michel Groleau deserves plaudits for a stunning magazine. Aren't you lucky to have such experts making you look good as editor? (*Ed: yes.*)

I am enamoured with *The Beaver* and will subscribe forever.

JOHN ARMSTRONG
ETOBICOKE, ONT.

Congratulations on the excellent new format. It is nice and clean for reading and pleasant to the eye. I did not see early editions but they sound fascinating. Might I suggest that you consider reprinting an article from those early *Beavers* in current editions?

LES SAUL
THETIS ISLAND, B.C.

(*Ed: Back issues can be ordered at* www.TheBeaver.ca. *We are considering reprinting selected pieces from the past, too.*)

Perspectives on history

I have come to appreciate and enjoy *The Beaver* over many years and the recent article on the Acadian expulsion gave me some insight into my family history ["How the Acadians Survived Exile," June/July 2005.] The suggested readings were very helpful.

Being raised in Ontario, we were often heavy into history other than Canadian. A prize upon leaving elementary school was *In Search of England*, a good book but which emphasized the historical priorities of the day.

Robert MacMillan's letter in the Aug./Sept. issue further emphasizes our lack of information concerning our early history. The same mastermind of the expulsion, Cornwallis, practised on his Scots ancestors before doing a number on the Acadians.

If we had been educated in Quebec I'm sure the record of d'Iberville's actions would be interpreted differently. *The Beaver* over time will enlighten us on the activities of d'Iberville, Beauharnois and the Iroquois, so we will have all the "facts" – or maybe the magazine has already.

I thank *The Beaver* for the many excellent articles and wish the staff Godspeed with their excellent magazine.

WILLIAM T. BOURQUE
WATERDOWN, ONT.

Of good times and bad

André Pelchat distinguishes the Acadians from the Loyalists by saying the Loyalists were not a community [Letters, Oct./Nov. 2005]. Consider the Glengarry Highlanders. Cleared from their lands (like the Acadians) they were settled in the Mohawk Valley in upstate New York in the years between the Seven Years' War and the American Revolution. They fought, as Loyalists, on the British side, and were evicted again, moving north to the area in and around Glengarry County in eastern Ontario, along Canada's most vulnerable border with the Americans.

They rebuilt their homes and added to their number and when the War of 1812 erupted they rallied to the cause and fought. After that war they entered fully into Canadian life, contributing in every generation. They were a Catholic, Gaelic-speaking community and would laugh at being called victims of history.

I think that is a community the Acadians could emulate. Mr. Pelchat and I agree that collective punishment is wrong today. Common practice was different then. The slaughter of the English settlements and of the Fox nation by the French in that century would be wrong today as well.

Times change.

ALEXANDER PATON
VICTORIA, B.C.

Of Pablum, pigs and babies

My wife buys your magazine and we both enjoy reading it. With regard to Pablum [Moment, Oct./Nov. 2005]: about 70 years ago I read an article about Pablum. It said that a doctor in Ontario visited a farmer near Toronto. He asked the farmer what he was feeding his young pigs, and was told, "It's called pig starter." The farmer pointed to a bag and said the list of ingredients was there.

The doctor read it and was amazed, asking, "How come they have this for pigs and not for children?" The farmer replied, "Pigs are worth money on the market and babies are not."

So the doc took it from there and came up with Pablum. But the first Pablum was pig starter.

TOM BARNES
ASHERN, MAN.

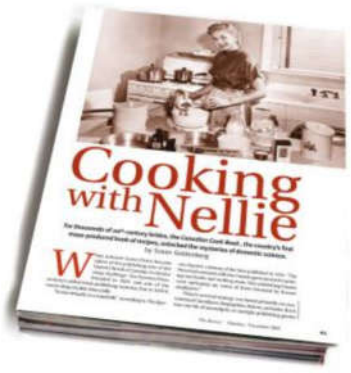
You can count on us

Diane Sarginson's letter [Oct./Nov. 2005] on the public hanging of eight aboriginal men in 1885 lists only seven. The other was Itka (Crooked Leg).

JOHN R. THYEN
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Simmering controversy

I'm delighted that Nellie Pattinson's *Canadian Cook Book* was celebrated in your magazine. Yes, it did unlock the mysteries of domestic science for generations of Canadian girls and women. But it was not "the country's



first mass-produced book of recipes." That honour goes to *The Home Cook Book*, originally a fundraiser for Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and first published in 1877.

The Home Cook Book was the best-selling Canadian cookbook of the 19th century: over 100,000 copies were sold! It went through almost 50 editions up to 1929, was published in New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba, and remarkably also in Australia and England. The success of *The Home Cook Book* and subsequent mass-produced works, such as Grace Denison's *The New Cook Book* (Toronto, 1903), paved the way for Pattinson's success.

ELIZABETH DRIVER, AUTHOR OF *CULINARY LANDMARKS: A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CANADIAN COOKBOOKS* (FORTHCOMING, FALL 2006, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS)
TORONTO, ONT.

(Ed: Writer Susan Goldenberg properly described the "firsts" of the Canadian Cook book, *and sourced them to the experts she quoted. There is subjectivity involved, but if nuance was lost in the editing and headings, we regret it.)*

Catholics vs. Freemasons

I imagine Alison Longstaff needed to pick an angle when she wrote her master's thesis on the Ludger Larose affair ["The Price of Passion," Oct./Nov. 2005], and what easier target than the big bad Catholic Church in Quebec. This effort lacked even a suggestion of the historical torments that Catholics suffered at the hands of members of the Freemasons throughout Canada to explain what might have driven members of the Church to act so reprehensively. Where was the context? I thought I was reading Elizabethan anti-Catholic propaganda rather than an intelligent discussion of an historical event complete with balanced presentation of facts.

I know something of the high principles of both Freemasonry and of the Roman Catholic faith. Neither would officially support intolerant and bigoted actions and yet history tells us that many members of both organizations did in fact act out-of-sorts with the tenets of their creed. Ms Longstaff's article only highlights the "free-thinking" rational liberalism of the Freemasons while suggesting that the Church was practically a criminal organization.

How could the editors of *The Beaver* allow an article that contains such inflammatory statements as: "The Catholic Church was pleased with the verdict... it went on crushing opposition for the next 50 years, until it could no longer contain the wave of dissent coming from a society tired of being bullied into submission"? Sounds like the writing of an excited "conspiracy-theory enthusiast," to use the author's own words describing Freemason detractors.

TIM HANNAN, B.A.
(HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, 1989)
FORMER OFFICER, QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA (ANOTHER FORMERLY PREDOMINANTLY FREEMASON GROUP THAT THIS IRISH-CATHOLIC INFILTRATED)
OSHAWA, ONT.

Will Ferguson and irrationality

I just read Doug Whiteway's interview with Will Ferguson [History Matters, Oct./Nov. 2005]. Ferguson jokes about the irrationality of Quebec separatists and "old school monarchists." A man who in his book *Why I Hate Canadians* took seriously Senator Jacques Hébert's hilarious mid-1980s hunger strike on behalf of Katimavik should not poke fun at people who he claims defend "irrational positions."

ANDRÉ PELCHAT
DRUMMONDVILLE, QUE.

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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Currents

Heritage

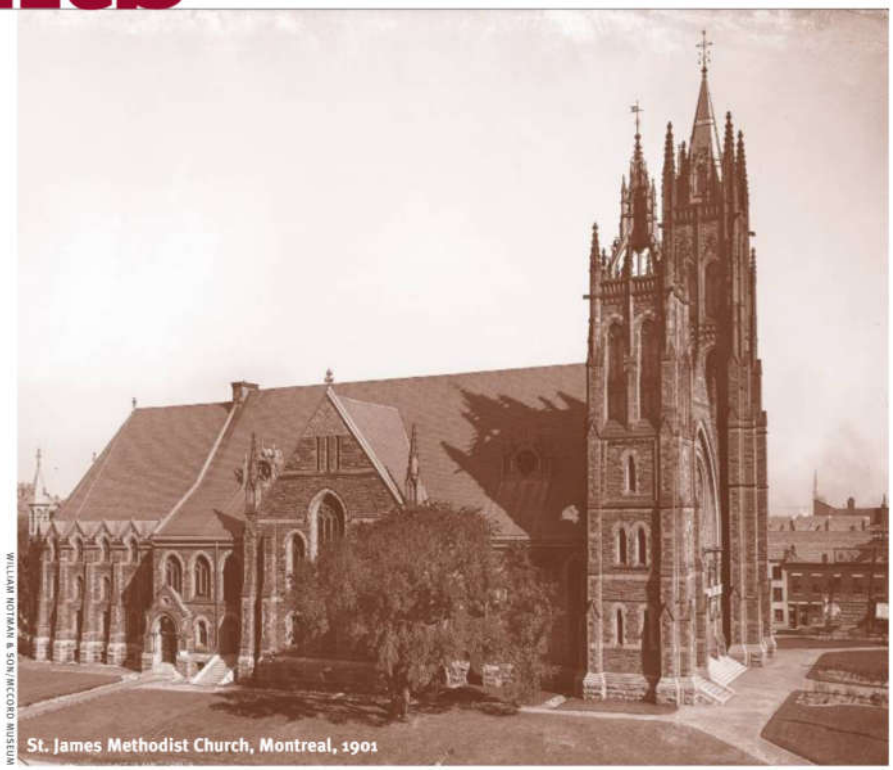
SDT VAUGHAN LIGHTOWLER

No. 1 Hangar at 19 Wing Comox

Board of history

If, as is sometimes claimed, an organ donor's personality can transfer to a recipient, can a building's personality transfer if its bits and bobs find themselves in some new structure? People around British Columbia may soon find out when they walk on floorboards and enjoy decorative trim from wood recovered from the demolition of a World War II airplane hangar at Comox on Vancouver Island. Estimated to be the size of two football fields, the wooden hangar served the Commonwealth's pilot training in the war, was home in the 1950s to 407 Squadron and its Lancaster aircraft and most recently served CFB Comox's 442 Transport and Rescue Squadron.

Purchased from the Department of National Defence by Vancouver developer Jacques Khouri and billed as one of the largest recycling projects in B.C., the lumber is not only redolent of fir, it's redolent of history. The hangar witnessed Canada's war effort and the trees out of which it was made were seedlings before Columbus ever thought of a holiday in the Caribbean. You can't get that kind of wood today. Most current available lumber is from trees no more than 40 years old.



WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON/MCCORD MUSEUM

St. James Methodist Church, Montreal, 1901

Church undressed

Seventy years ago, faced with a financial crisis, Montreal's St. James United Church made an unusual decision. Church directors made up their minds to lease out the empty space around the church, located on Rue Sainte-Catherine, the city's most important commercial street, for business development. Revenue from the three floors of shops and offices that grew up in front of the church was meant as a temporary measure to shore up the reserves of the 2,000-seat building the *Montreal Herald* once tagged as the "Westminster Abbey of Canada." But temporary grew into unending as the church, suffering the congregation declines endemic to inner-city churches in the 20th century, grew dependent upon the income. Though the façade of the commercial structure was punctuated by a Gothic-style arch to suggest the religious structure behind, and though the church announced itself with a large neon sign, generations of Montrealers have barely been conscious of the French Gothic structure in their midst, unless they happen to work high in nearby office buildings with views of the church's towers.

Now groundlings will be able to enjoy the view of the 116-year-old structure, originally built to serve Montreal's Methodists. Thanks to an $8-million-dollar restoration effort sponsored by the City of Montreal and the Quebec government, the commercial buildings were demolished over the summer and fall, revealing the unweathered red sandstone of the south façade and liberating the almost concealed rose window. In coming months, the church site will be restored to the green sward it once had – and was always expected to have.

TAKE the day off

Dec. 13: To note the 1979 defeat of Joe Clark's seven-month-old minority Tory government. Practise counting.

Living History

Gallery manager

When the Hudson's Bay Company celebrated its 300th anniversary in 1970, employees in Vancouver's downtown store dressed in 17th-century garb served customers. Suzan Lagrove, a cashier in the stationery department, looked on with enthusiasm, and ever since has taken a keen interest in the company's dramatic past.

As she began to research HBC history and learn about its vital role in Canada's development, Lagrove wanted to share what she found, helping others feel the excitement about the lives of the people who have worked for the company over the last three centuries. Her chance would come in April 2003 when she would be hired to manage an HBC heritage gallery at Victoria's downtown store.

The HBC Gallery–Victoria is a trove of HBC and Canadian history. A sizable illuminated map charts the company's growth from Prince Rupert's Land to today's stores. An exhibit recreates a typical 1800s retail outlet with, in Lagrove's words, "all the supplies you would need if you were headed to the gold fields to make your fortune." There is a 1920s dining room replete with original artwork from vintage HBC calendars. The gallery also has original portraits, dating from the 1600s, of two of HBC's founders, Prince Rupert and King Charles II.

Lagrove works to promote the gallery and runs various outreach programs. Elementary and high-school visitors can participate in a variety of activities: they can act out plays about Arctic explorer and HBC employee John Rae, take walking tours to see where the HBC fort was located in Victoria and make mittens from an HBC point blanket. Lagrove visits or sends educational material to those classes unable to see the gallery in person.

Suzan Lagrove

© PASS

Another program, called Lunch & Learn, offers adults a chance to attend talks about a variety of Canadian and HBC historical topics. In the evenings and on weekends, the gallery features guest speakers and films. And the Quilts for Charity program donates quilts made from the HBC's point blankets to aid organizations.

The HBC Gallery–Victoria was the first of the HBC galleries to open in Canada. As its manager, Lagrove helps encourage the public to experience the romance, adventure and richness of HBC and Canadian history. "I feel like we are explorers here in the gallery," she says. "Being the first of its kind in the company is like exploring new territory. Never before has anyone experienced this adventure."

For more information on the HBC Gallery–Victoria, visit www.hbc.com/hbcheritage/galleries/victoria

–Robert McGeachy

ON THE Web

Leon Trotsky

www.socialisthistory.ca

Take a walk on the left side. View Key documents, manifestos, reminiscences and essays by and about the revolutionary socialist movement in Canada in the 20th century. Leon Trotsky touched down in Halifax (okay, was arrested) in 1917 en route to the Russian Revolution and life hasn't been the same since.

www.bankofcanada.ca/en/rates/inflation_calc.html

If the price of gas seems astronomical today, what, adjusted for inflation, did it cost in 1966? No surprise – it was still cheaper in 1966. The Bank of Canada's inflation calculator uses consumer price index data from 1914 to show you how the real cost of things has gone up – or down. Hours of fun.

http://maps.google.ca

Glued to your armchair, yet somehow yearning for the sight of the Quebec citadel or some other Canadian historic site? Sightseers of the lazier sort can get a satellite view with a click of the mouse at Google Maps.

Dec. 27: To mark the 1610 marriage in Paris of 40-year-old Samuel de Champlain to 12-year-old Hélène Boullé. Lock up your daughters.

Jan. 29: To commemorate the receipt 150 years ago by Lt. Alexander Roberts Dunn of Canada's first Victoria Cross, for courage in the Crimean War. Polish something.

Currents

Our home & native...

ARTHUR SICARD

Snow blower

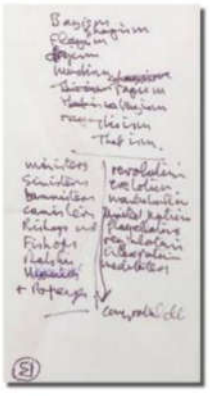
In 1925, Quebec farmer Arthur Sicard must have had his thinking toque on when he dreamed up something to drive the burdensome snow away: the snow blower. Frustrated by the difficulty of transporting milk from his farm to market during the winter months, Sicard based his apparatus on the threshing machine. He figured that by adapting the rotating blades used for threshing, a similar machine could be built for blowing snow. After moving to Montreal to develop and market his creation, he sold the first "Sicard Snow Remover Snowblower" to the nearby town of Outremont in 1927. The driver of the first model could clear and throw snow about 30 metres away from the truck, or right into the back of the truck. Anything to make our Canadian winters a little easier on the back ...

WINTER 1956 in The Beaver

Definitive John A. Macdonald biographer Donald Creighton reflects in *Old Tomorrow* that Canada's first prime minister "in less than a quarter century ... built a nation, extended it across a continent, and bound it together with a steel track of a railway. Even in the nineteenth century, that century of strenuous nation-building, this was regarded as a considerable feat; and time ... has simply served to enhance the importance of the achievement."

CP PRESS

Yoko Ono and John Lennon at Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel, 1969.



Give peace a cheque

Once upon a time, long long ago, in 1969, to be precise, when anti-Vietnam War protest was in full voice, Beatle John Lennon composed an anthem to peace with enduring chantlike qualities and an eventual not-half-bad positioning on *Billboard*'s chart at number 14. *Give Peace a Chance*, was the name of the tune, and while it captured the zeitgeist, it was written in a very specific place, Montreal, and on a very specific day, June 1. Was there something about Montreal that late spring that inspired Lennon? It's doubtful he saw much of the city, as he and his wife Yoko Ono were holed up in corner suite rooms 1738-40-42 at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel honeymooning, luring reporters with the possibility that they might pose nude.

Instead, fully clothed, Lennon corralled a motley crew of celebs of the day, including counterculture guru Timothy Leary, pop chanteuse Petula Clark and comedian Tommy Smothers to act as chorus, dragged in recording equipment and, bedside, popped out the anti-war classic. He wrote the lyrics on a piece of Queen Elizabeth Hotel stationery, but this tangentially Canadian artifact was lost to history until it was pulled out of a collection of papers belonging to the late Derek Taylor, Beatles' publicist. Of course, what happens to the detritus of the rich and famous? It goes up for auction. The scribbled lyrics to *Give Peace a Chance* have been put on sale at Bonham's in London, and by the time you read this, may well have fetched the asking price of about $400,000 Canadian.

Moment

Dec. 8, 1915: *In Flanders Fields* published

Imagine having to perform the burial service of a close friend, the small funeral procession moving deliberately under the vast skies of an inhospitable land. This lost young man was a dear friend; back home, he was also a brother and a son. Still, family and friends will not be present at this impromptu ceremony. Standing next to the freshly covered grave, a surge of grief strikes. The only relief is in the catharsis of writing. Scribbling in despair, words flow. This dear friend, and all the other soldiers, will not be cast into graves and forgotten. While only a simple wooden cross marks the gravesite, a different kind of marker, a poem, will live on.

When World War I began in 1914, esteemed physician and surgeon John McCrae quickly offered his services to the military. He was among the 45,000 Canadians who rushed to war. Brigade Commander E.W.B. Morrison made McCrae surgeon in the First Brigade of Canadian Field Artillery. McCrae was responsible for a field dressing station at the front, treating wounded soldiers during the Second Battle of Ypres.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.
WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON/MCCORD MUSEUM

When one young man was killed in the trenches, McCrae was particularly saddened. Ottawa-born Alexis Helmer had been a friend and former student. On May 2, 1915, the young lieutenant was killed by a direct hit from a German shell burst after leaving his dugout. His body parts had to be collected and laid in a ragged army blanket for burial the same day, in a little cemetery nearby. McCrae performed a simple service, reciting several passages from the Church of England's *Order of Burial of the Dead*. Other words came to McCrae after the ceremony was over.

McCrae had penned several medical texts, along with more personal writing such as poetry. Often, letters and poetry provided him with an outlet from the pressures of his duties. While we know when *In Flanders Fields* was first published, the details of when the first draft was written are contested. Witnesses have provided different accounts. According to one report, McCrae was seen writing the poem the day following Helmer's funeral. Another insists he was so upset after burying his friend that he dashed off the poem in 20 minutes that same day.

McCrae first sent the poem to *The Spectator* magazine, but it was declined. Soon after, it was published in England's *Punch* magazine. This publication was revered for its humour and satire, publishing some of the greatest comic writers, including William Makepeace Thackeray, P.G. Wodehouse and P.J. O'Rourke. McCrae's poem was far more sombre, but must have struck a chord with the editor. It was published in the issue of Dec. 8, 1915. The poem resonated as a symbol of the sacrifices of those fighting in World War I.

Today, recitation of *In Flanders Fields* is a crucial part of Remembrance Day ceremonies in Canada and abroad.

Calendar
Dec. 05/Jan. 06

WILLIAM BRYMNER/MCCORD MUSEUM

QUEBEC

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Dec. 18, 2005. 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.
Museums of Mississauga, Mississauga
(905) 822-1569
www.museumsofmississauga.com

ALBERTA

Fifties Forever
With life-sized rooms filled with furniture, decor, music, clothes, toys and consumer goods, have a peek at Canadian values and ideals in the 1950s.
Dec. 10, 2005 to Apr. 2, 2006
Galt Museum, Lethbridge
(403) 320-4248
www.galtmuseum.com

Currents

POINT PLEASANT PARK

Point Pleasant Park, Halifax, 2003.

Forest renewal

A royal gift to the city of Halifax is in the process of renewal. In 1873, Queen Victoria leased 186 acres of old Acadian forest to Nova Scotians for a shilling a year. This natural historic jewel is Halifax's Point Pleasant Park. Of course, times have changed: the absurd cost of the lease by modern standards is not lost on Maritimers. Valid until 2872, the lease is formally "paid up" during an annual Shilling Ceremony.

While the land is cheap, a recent weather disaster has proven quite dear. When Hurricane Juan blew through the Maritimes just over two years ago, about 55,000 trees in the stunning, heather-filled park were either damaged or completely uprooted.

Still standing are the park's many stone fortresses (there was much activity in the area during the American Civil War, as well as both world wars). Of particular interest is the Prince of Wales Tower, which dates back to 1796. It was designed to protect the forts and control the Northwest Arm, an inlet along the Halifax Harbour. At one time, six roof guns perched atop thick stone walls, the lower floor was used for stores and a magazine and the upper floor served as a barracks for soldiers living in the park. In 1961, the Prince of Wales Tower was declared a National Historic site and renovations were undertaken to open it to the public.

Now, after the wrath of Hurricane Juan, the entire park is to be revitalized. A call for proposal designs yielded two winners. One from Montreal was chosen for its overall park concept, another from nearby Dartmouth was chosen for its focus on forest regrowth. Work is expected to start in spring 2006. Queen Victoria would be pleased.

Oldways

***From Canadian Christmas Book: A Handsel from our Victorian Past* by Caroline Carver, 1975.**

CHRISTMAS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

In Victoria's day Newfoundlanders settled in for a good long celebration as soon as the boats were up for the season and the winter's wood supply stacked in the shed.

The yule log custom was kept in Newfoundland long after it had disappeared in other parts of Canada. An enormous piece of wood, called the "back junk," was put in the back of the fireplace and left to smoulder until Twelfth Night – if it lasted that long. A piece of it was thrown, dangerously flaming, right over the house, which was supposed to protect the inhabitants from fire during the coming year.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE DU QUÉBEC

Through the Christmas season, mummers went from house to house presenting plays in exchange for hospitality. The mummers – also called janneys or fools – wore elaborate costumes. They sometimes carried "swabs," codfish bladders blown up like balloons and filled with pebbles to make them rattle. Attached to sticks, these were used to beat the passersby, sometimes in play but sometimes more seriously.

City mumming processions were often very elaborate and sometimes very rowdy. Because of violence among the celebrants, the House of Assembly passed an Act in 1851 forbidding the processions. Mumming plays died out gradually, but the habit of dressing up and going from house to house lives to this day,

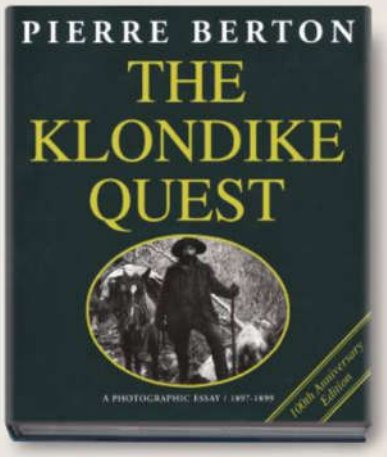
Newfoundland's celebrations usually started for Catholics with Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, but the children had their presents on Christmas morning – unlike Quebec children who waited until New Year's Day for theirs. Then followed a round of house-to-house visits which lasted until Twelfth Night.

A strange ritual called the Hunting of the Wran, or wren, took place on Boxing Day. A dead robin was laid on a small funeral bier and carried from door to door. At each house, the bearers chanted:

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze,
Although he was little his honour was great,
Rise up landlady, and give us a trate,
With a pocket full of money, and a cellar full of beer,
We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Taken from *Canadian Christmas Book: A handsel from our Victorian past*
© 1975 by Caroline Carver,
published by Tundra Books and HarperCollins Publishers, Toronto.

This is your history. This is your Canada.



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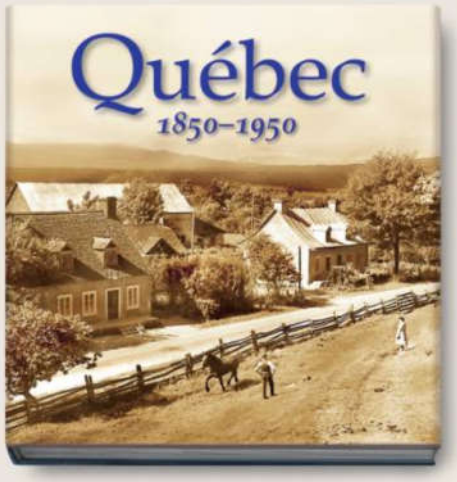

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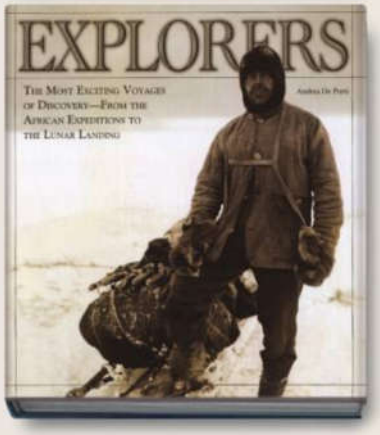

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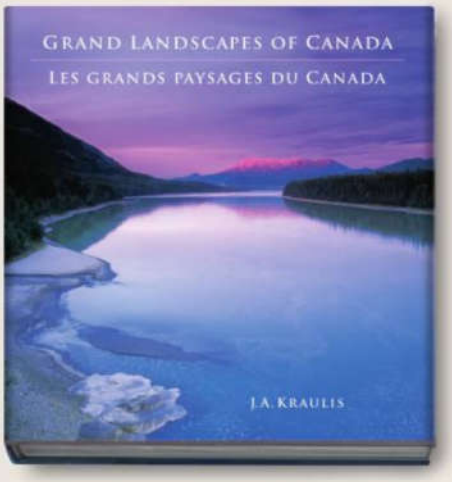

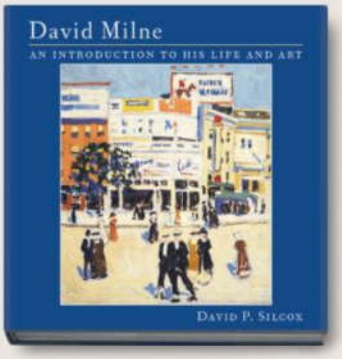

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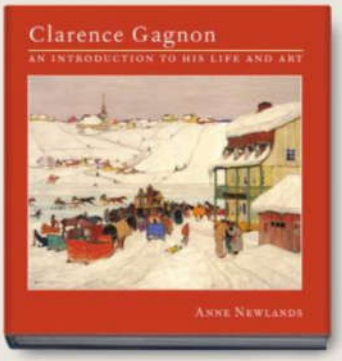

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Explorations

Andrew Potter on

The 40th Anniversary of *Lament for a Nation*

Despite its flaws and anachronisms, this doom-saying book remains vital reading for students of Canada and nationalism.

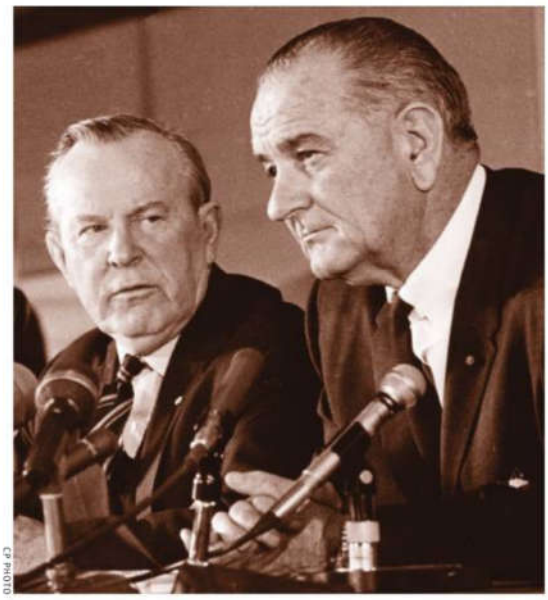
Canadians have relatively few binding national myths, but one of the most pervasive and enduring is the conviction that the country is doomed.

Confederation has always seemed like a rather precarious endeavour, with the country perpetually on the verge of fragmenting into a handful of region-states or surrendering to outright absorption or annexation by the United States. Canadians have long felt the centrifugal tug of conflicting loyalties – to Britain, to Quebec or region, or even to the United States – and these have often seemed strong enough to pull the country apart. As novelist Robertson Davies famously put it, Canada "is not a country you love, it is a country you worry about."

George Grant is one of our most well-known doomsayers. A political philosopher who spent his most productive years teaching religious studies, Grant is probably best known today as the father of English-speaking Canadian nationalism. He earned this reputation thanks to his short book *Lament for a Nation*, first published in 1965. *Lament* remains Grant's most enduring and most important work; it is the sun under which a generation of Canadian nationalists warm themselves, but it also casts the long dark shadows in which they must operate.

The book's central claim is that Canada had ceased to exist as a sovereign country, signalled by the fall of John Diefenbaker. Grant opens with a broadside of indignation:

"Never has such a torrent of abuse been poured on any Canadian figure as that during the years from 1960 to 1965. Never have the wealthy and the clever been so united as they were in their joint attack on Mr. John Diefenbaker. It has made life pleasant for the literate classes to know that they were on the winning side. Emancipated journalists were encouraged to express their dislike of the small-town Protestant politician, and they knew they would be well paid by the powerful for their efforts. Suburban matrons and professors knew that there was an open season on Diefenbaker, and that jokes against him at cocktail parties would guarantee the medal of sophistication."



CP PHOTO

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson with American president Lyndon Johnson, 1967. Grant believed the Liberal party was more accommodating to American interests.

For Grant, the fall of the Progressive Conservative government in 1963 and the restoration of the Liberal Party under Lester B. Pearson was the final triumph of continentalism over nationalism. He argued that Diefenbaker never seemed to appreciate the extent to which Canada's survival depended on some form of socialism, and that to reverse the steady integration of the Great Lakes region into the United States, Diefenbaker should have implemented some version of Macdonald's National Policy. Instead, Dief achieved the double fumble of both refusing to advance any serious programs of economic nationalism while still managing to antagonize Canada's centres of financial power.

Meanwhile, Pearson's willingness to make nice with the Americans (by finally accepting nuclear warheads for the Bomarc missiles, for example) was a sign that the Canadian elites no longer had any interest in the country's survival. They found that economic interests forced their attention southward and, being nothing but moneygrubbers, "They lost nothing essential to the principle of their lives in losing their country."

In the discussion of the fall of Diefenbaker that dominates the first half of the book, Grant suggests that Canada had been defeated by a combination of political cowardice, capitalist self-interest and bureaucratic ineptitude. The implication is that if only better, more nationalistic men had been in charge, things might have turned out differently. Yet in the later chapters we find that the demise of the Progressive Conservatives in 1963 was

itself only the political manifestation of the technological determinism at the very heart of modernity.

Drawing on the work of the philosophers Friedrich Nietzsche and Martin Heidegger, Grant argues that there is a tight and interdependent relationship between liberalism as a political philosophy and the technological milieu of modernity. For liberals, the role of the state is to secure our life, liberty and property, so that we might be free to pursue whatever conception of the good life we choose. Grant argues that in the liberal world-view, the deepest human good simply *is* this freedom to choose our own version of the good. Yet the liberal discourse of freedom cannot be distinguished from our approach to technology: once the overriding moral imperative becomes the overcoming of obstacles to individual freedom, we are necessarily thrust into a technological society, one that pursues the systematic application of reason to the invention of tools and methods for enhancing this freedom.

Grant continues this line of thought, proposing that technology eventually penetrates all aspects of society, from politics and economics to education, medicine and even our understanding of the human body. More than just a set of tools, technology is an ideology that dominates our consciousness and constrains our very sense of "freedom." It enslaves us even while it appears to liberate, leading to a "universal and homogeneous state," a global tyranny under which all local cultures will disappear. Situated as it is next to the United States, Canada is just the first to feel the deluge of a storm system that will see all non-Western cultures eradicated, absorbed into a nexus of technocratic liberalism and rampant consumer capitalism.

One consequence of Grant's technological determinism is that everyday politics becomes impotent, flotsam buoyed along by the undercurrent of technological progress. That is why Grant dismissed liberalism as merely the "civil theology of the technological society," and why he followed Heidegger in claiming that there were no important differences between communism, Nazism and the United States of America. After all, all three were equally committed to the imperatives of progress through technological reason.

For many people, even those highly sympathetic to Grant's overall argument, this is just too crude a picture of the world. In his 1965 review of *Lament*, Gad Horowitz objected to Grant's assertion that a society could not adopt a progressive approach to technology and still remain un-Americanized in its political ideology and social structure. Must countries as diverse as Sweden, Japan and Australia all end up as replicas of America, outposts of the empire? Surely not, said Horowitz; a conservative such as Grant should realize that "Americanization does not work on a *tabula rasa*. The past cannot be entirely erased."

The past 40 years have vindicated Horowitz's views. Weak and marginal as it is, Canadian nationalism is also tenacious, and an argument could be made that it is stronger now than it has been for a quarter of a century. Surely, Grant would have had little nice to say about Canada's emerging "postmodern" brand of cosmopolitan nationalism. He would have disliked the permissiveness, secularism and individualism of 21st-century Canadian society. He may have expected it, but he wouldn't have liked it, and he wouldn't have seen it as recognizably Canadian. But in the end, it would appear that Grant was simply wrong. What he saw as the impossibility of Canada was just the impossibility of a Tory form of social conservatism in a multicultural and pluralistic society. Some might find that worth lamenting, but nothing else follows from that – not the end of Canada, and certainly not the technological tyranny of the universal and homogeneous state.

Yet George Grant's *Lament for a Nation* is more than just a period piece, and it remains vital reading for even the most casual student of Canada. Even if we reject the technological determinism, his analysis of Canada's underlying political dynamic is still relevant; indeed, it is occasionally freakishly prescient. As Grant shows, the most important fault line in Canadian federal politics is not the one between the political left and right, nor between the French and the English, but between those who favour an independent Canada and those who desire ever-closer continental integration. To the extent that his point is true, Grant's characterization of the Liberals as the party demanding only that "they have personal charge of the government while our sovereignty disappears" is, if anything, more brutally accurate today than it was in 1965. Finally, anyone trying to understand the ongoing failure of the Canadian conservative movement to provide a coherent and stable alternative to the Liberals would do well to study Grant's analysis of the career and character of John Diefenbaker.

For these reasons, and for many others, we should continue to read *Lament for a Nation*. Canada may, indeed, be doomed. It could split apart, with its various fragments going their own separate ways, or perhaps pressing for admittance to the American union. Or the entire country could eventually become subsumed into a greater North American political entity. Any of these scenarios might come to pass, but perhaps none of them will. Regardless, we won't find any answers in philosophy. Canada's fate in the early years of the 21st century is no more and no less certain than it was on July 1, 1867, when the long-dreamt Dominion became a reality. Canada was born on that day and it lives still, its people free to shape their country's destiny as best they can, under unavoidable circumstances.

Canada's fate is no more and no less certain than it was on July 1, 1867.

Andrew Potter teaches philosophy at the Université du Québec à Montréal. He is the author of the introduction to the 40th anniversary edition of *Lament for a Nation*, out this fall from McGill-Queen's University Press.

Canada's

From the Orient to New York via Vancouver, precious silk could only be transported

Silk Road

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES

one way – by rail. For Canadian railways, every minute counted. by Graham Chandler

When Mary Lynas was in Grade 6 she and her classmates would race down to Canadian Pacific's train yard on the eastern fringes of Calgary to watch a spectacle that still captivates her as she remembers that early-1930s scene.

"That train came in at terrific speed," recalls the granddaughter of Colonel James Walker, one of Calgary and Alberta's most influential early citizens. "They stopped only to put water in, change crews and go again."

The pit-stop action Lynas is talking of was to service Canada's special silk trains that roared out of the port of Vancouver between 1887 and the late 1930s through the Rockies, across the prairies, through the Canadian Shield to Montreal and Buffalo, N.Y., loaded with precious cargoes of raw silk from the Orient. Bound for the National Silk Exchange in New York and the mills of the eastern seaboard, the perishable silk, used to make luxury items like scarves, ties, shirts and dresses, was given the ultimate priority over all rail traffic, even express trains and, some said, royal trains.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES/ 3838

Unloading silk bales from the *Achilles* at the port of Vancouver in 1927.

Adding to the rush was the exorbitant cost of insurance. A bale of raw silk could easily fetch more than $800 in the 1920s. With about 470 bales to the car, a full trainload was worth upwards of $6 million, a lot of money in the days when a brand new Ford cost less than a bale of silk. Insurance companies started the clock as soon as the bales were unloaded – rates were charged by the hour from the time the cargo left the boat until it was unloaded at its eastern destination.

The silk business was so lucrative for both Canadian National and Canadian Pacific railways that every minute counted. Nothing was left to chance. Freight agents would often board a ship in Victoria and feverishly complete their paperwork so unloading could start the second they docked at Vancouver. There, as soon as the ropes cinched the ship tight at the wharf, the race was on. The captain was on the megaphone shouting orders. Silk bales were streaming off by conveyor belt even before passengers stepped on the gangplank. Stevedores whipped into action manhandling the 90-kilogram bales onto the dock and into the warehouse for waiting customs agents, who would clear them on the spot. Then the burlap-wrapped 12-inch by 24-inch by 36-inch bales were wheeled onto specially built rail cars, which were sealed and panelled with wood.

These special cars were built shorter than normal boxcars, to take curves at higher speeds. "They were totally different from the other freight cars, they had to be lightweight and fast," says Jonathan Hanna, Canadian Pacific Railway's corporate historian. Mounted on passenger car trucks [suspension and wheel systems], "they were solid, so they could put up with high speed," says Hanna. At Vancouver, well before the ship approached, 8 to 15 of them were already coupled to an engine fired up to full steam, an engineer's hand poised on the throttle.

Loading crew action was measured by the seconds per bale. For one eight-car train, a typical regimen reported by CN was: ship docked at 15:42, commenced unloading at 16:13, train loading completed by 17:45 and train left dock at 17:52 – total time from ship tie-up to train departure of 1 hour 39 minutes. Another reported an average time of 2.45 seconds per bale; anything less demanded an explanation to management.

Train loaded, a couple of armed railway police jumped aboard (although no robberies ever occurred) and with a blast of the whistle the engineer pushed the throttle forward. Smoke belching and steam hissing, they'd roll out toward Hope. It was more than an express train. As the *Vancouver Daily Province* reported on Jan. 10, 1903, the silk train "makes the regular express time appear as but a snail's pace." The particular CP silk train about which the newspaper was commenting had left Vancouver at 6 a.m. and reached Kamloops, 400 kilometres northeast through the mountains, 10 hours and 45 minutes later – beating the regular express's time by a full hour.

Transfer of silk bales from a shed to a waiting CPR train.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES/NS 6940

The silk business was so lucrative for both Canadian National and Canadian Pacific railways that every minute counted. Nothing was left to chance. Freight agents would often board a ship in Victoria and feverishly complete their paperwork so unloading could start the second they docked at Vancouver.

Coming out of the mountains with their steep grades and tight curves that limited train speeds, throttles were opened wide on the straight lines of the prairies where speeds routinely hit 1.5 kilometres per minute and more. "Steam locomotives didn't have speedometers or governors like locomotives today," says Hanna. "In those days you were supposed to go track speed which rarely exceeded 70 miles [112 kilometres] per hour but you couldn't say if you did or didn't because it was all in counting the time between mileage markers – if you knocked it off in 45 seconds that meant you were going 80 [130 kilometres]."

Sustained high speeds could be taxing on the locomotives and cars, so stops were made at every divisional point – about 200 kilometres apart. "They didn't feel comfortable running them at speed with maintenance limited to a couple of shots of grease and some lube oil," explains Hanna. "There's so many thousands of moving parts, and roller bearing technology wasn't around yet."

Pit stop times averaged about seven minutes. As the hot engine hissed and squealed to a stop, it was quickly uncoupled and a freshly watered, fired-up engine snapped on. At the same time, a 'car man' was rushing around with his oil can, opening each journal box, shooting oil in and slamming it shut, then moving on to the next one. "It was all wonderfully exciting to watch," recalls Mary Lynas.

Fresh crews took over at each stop. Silk train crews weren't particularly special – but they were usually the senior men. "The senior crews had first choice of trains," explains Hanna, "and if you chose a silk train that was your whole day's shift and you got home sooner – you worked fewer hours than on a regular train shift. So it would have been the 'A' team on the silk trains but more for selfish reasons than pride in being the best."

Steaming on through the Canadian Shield and south, CN silk trains completed their race against time crossing the border over the Niagara suspension bridge

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES/N56960

A CPR silk train picks up speed as it leaves Vancouver.

Across the continent, silk trains followed no regular schedule, so it was an exhilarating moment to catch a glimpse as they flew past unexpectedly in a cloud of cinders, smoke and steam.

to Buffalo. There, U.S. Customs quickly sampled the bales (silk wasn't subject to import duties) and CN handed the torch over to the New York Central Railroad, which made the dash to the finish line at Manufacturers Terminal in Hoboken, N.J.

Across the continent, silk trains followed no regular schedule, so it was an exhilarating moment to catch a glimpse of the fabled trains as they flew past unexpectedly in a cloud of cinders, smoke and steam. There was an intriguing myth that inside the bales silkworms were happily spinning their glossy cocoons as the trains sped across the country. That was pure fable, however – silkworms spin their full cocoon in two to three days, after which silk harvest timing is critical.

Despite all the rush, silk train accidents were surprisingly few. The only serious occurrence was on Sept. 21, 1927, when a car jumped the tracks as the train rounded a bend in B.C.'s Fraser Canyon just east of Hope. Two or three cars followed it, sending silk bales tumbling into the river. There were no deaths and the cargo was salvaged.

The first shipment of raw silk arrived at the port of Vancouver soon after the last spike of the cross-Canada ribbon of steel was driven. Those 65 bales arrived on the afternoon of June 13, 1887, aboard the 3,600-ton *Abyssinia* from Hong Kong, along with mail and 80 Chinese steerage passengers. When Canadian Pacific's fast Empress ships entered service, with their side ports for speedy unloading, Vancouver was vaulted into a leading silk port.

On Oct. 2, 1902, the *Daily Province* reported the steamship *Tartar* was due to arrive with 539 tons, or 2,156 bales, of raw silk – worth $1.5 million. Just six days later the newspaper ran the headline "Large Cargo of Raw Silk," reporting that the *Empress of Japan* was due in with $1.6 million worth. On Oct. 25 it reported: "Vancouver, the silk port of North America: Over four and a half million dollars worth of raw silk will be received within thirty days," making October 1902 the highest value of silk shipping to date. In 1919, a CPR bulletin stated, "All records for silk handling were broken with the arrival from the Orient of the Canadian Pacific Steamship *Empress of Asia* … 10,000 bales of raw silk … valued at $8,500,000 …. "

The pace accelerated, and CP with its fleet of trans-Pacific steamships maintained domination. Shortly after its full formation in 1923, Canadian National entered the fray with its first silk run in July 1925. CN made silk top priority too: their best time of 83 hours 56 minutes was almost a day faster than their transcontinental passenger train. But CN lacked the ocean shipping advantage, relying on the British Blue Funnel Line or Japanese ships to bring the raw product from the Orient.

With two railroads putting silk traffic ahead of every other shipment, business boomed in the 1920s, and the profits rolled in. But 1929 was tumultuous – silk shipments peaked, then came Black Friday in October, when stocks plummeted and the world fell into depression. Consumer demand flagged; luxury items such as silk were soon out of reach for most. Prices crashed – by 1934, raw silk was $1.27 a pound, down from $6.50 a decade earlier. That precipitated a tumble in insurance rates, so speed became less of a priority and soon Japan was shipping silk in its own vessels through the Panama Canal, which had opened in 1914.

The change was rapid: in 1928, 94 percent of all silk from the Orient to New York had crossed North America by train; just 6 percent went through the canal. Then, according to the B.C. Historical Quarterly of 1948, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Line of Japan started Panama service in 1929. Results for the railways were disastrous: by 1931, their share had dropped to just 40 percent; ships through the Panama handled the rest.

The ships wooed business by dropping their freight rates to $6 a ton, $3 less than the railways charged. CN Traffic Executive Officers held a series of meetings to look at the impact of matching the Panama shippers' rates. Alas, the numbers were telling: based on 1929 silk tonnage, the railway would lose $211,902. Nevertheless, the reductions were made in 1931, but proved ineffective. Three years later they were back at $9.

CP stopped running single-purpose silk trains in 1933, instead hitching two or three silk cars onto their regular trans-Canada passenger runs. Trips for both railways continued sporadically until the late 1930s, and by 1940 CN shipped just 504 bales. War with Japan was the final blow, killing all trade between the two countries. As well, the U.S. government ordered all silk futures trading and production to cease as demand for silk changed from fashion runways to airfield runways – silk was used to make the parachutes on the backs of aircrew members.

But the silk trains have their legacy. "It did teach us how to keep things fluid, which is what we're still trying to do today," says Hanna. "But now it's not a question of insurance or perishability, it's just-in-time delivery for Wal-Mart and the Bay and Zellers and Canadian Tire. It still comes by the shipload from the Orient and we're still trying to get it across the country as quickly as possible. What we learned from silk trains is that you've just got to keep it moving."

Today, CPR's last remaining silk car of 46 built sits forlornly in CPR's Ogden Shops in southeast Calgary, just a few kilometres south of where Mary Lynas and her friends played. "But it's not in the shape of a silk car any more," says Hanna. "It survived because we first converted some of [the silk cars] into mail express cars and then in the '60s we took five of them and converted them into robot cars that took radio signals from the head end to tell the mid-train power what to do." This one survived because it was converted to carry an experimental steam generator as a novel way to kill weeds along rights of way in B.C. "This ex-steam generator, ex-robot, ex-express, ex-silk car is the only one left."

Graham Chandler is a Calgary-based writer with a PhD in archaeology.

The Silk Industry

Silk production developed more as an art than an industry. The process of harvesting silk was kept secret for almost 3,000 years. In time, silk production reached Europe, with England taking the lead in the 18th century, owing to innovations in textile manufacturing. Today, sericulture (the raising of silkworms) is widely practiced in China, Japan and Korea, with smaller harvests coming from Russia and other countries.

A silkworm moth lays about 500 minuscule eggs. One ounce of eggs yields 30,000 worms, which produce 12 pounds of raw silk. It's a finicky business: moths must be prevented from hatching prematurely, their diet perfected and the temperature kept just right.

Once eggs hatch, thousands of silkworms gorge on mulberry leaves, then enter the cocoon stage. In a process called "reeling," the cocoons are loosened and unwound to produce tightly woven filaments, which can then be spooled. Finally, the silk threads are woven into cloth.

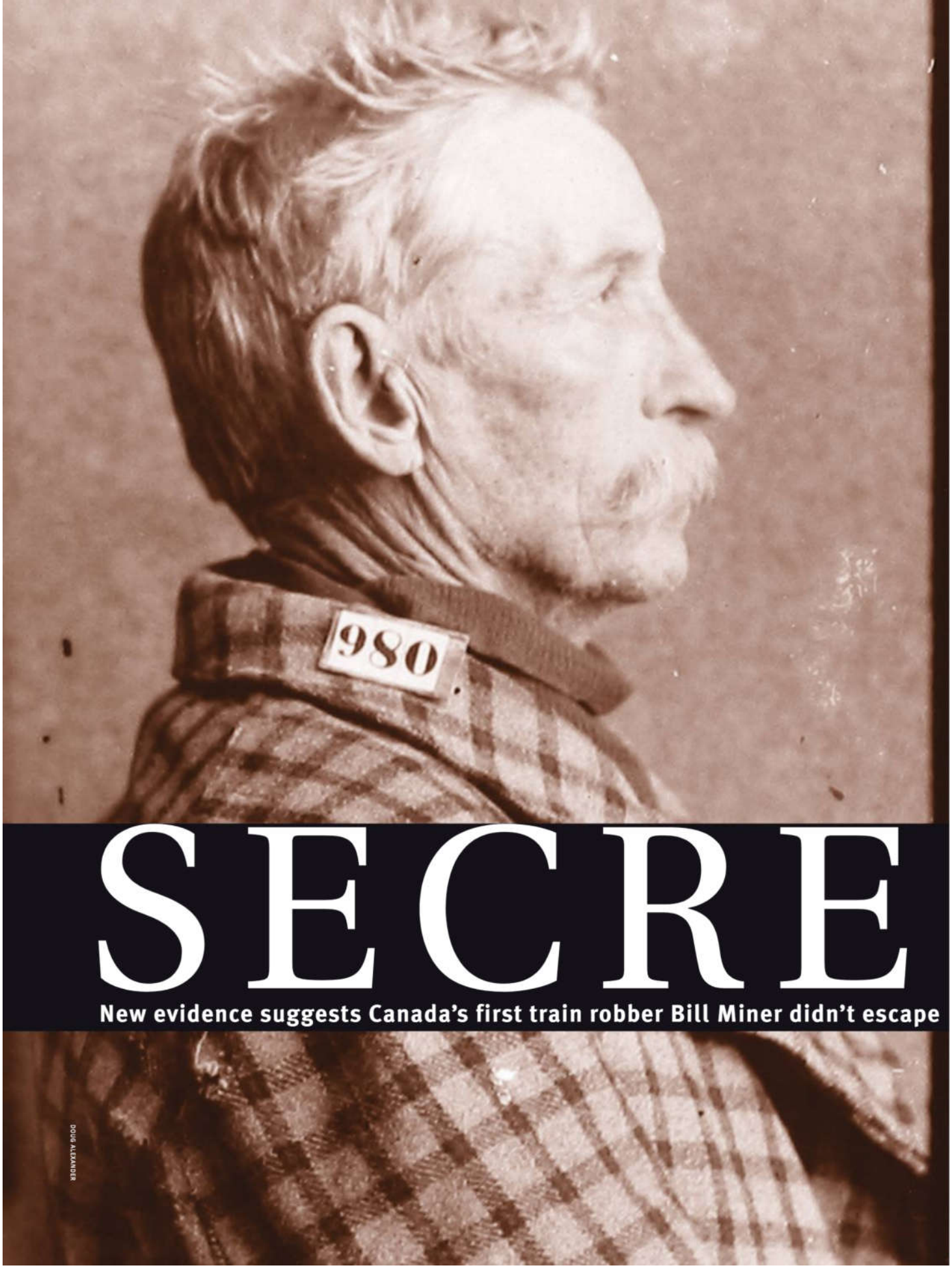
The Depression hurt the silk trade and the silk industry dwindled as items such as silk stockings were viewed as extravagances. (Many North American women stocked up on stockings as relations with Japan deteriorated.)

Japan began sending silk on ships through the Panama Canal. Continued price increases spurred the development of synthetics. World War II exacerbated silk's downward spiral.

Today, synthetic silks (rayon) pervade the market. Still, production of silk has doubled in 30 years. Although it represents a minute percentage of the global textile fibre market, silk is still a multi-billion dollar world trade item. China leads the world's production. And with more processing into fabric done closer to where silk is grown, far less raw silk is shipped across seas.

Et Cetera

Silk Trains: The Romance of Canadian Silk Trains, or "the Silks" by Bernard Webber. The Word Works Publications, Kelowna, 1993.



SECRE

New evidence suggests Canada's first train robber Bill Miner didn't escape

DOUG ALEXANDER

T DEAL

from prison. He was set free. Was there a conspiracy? By Doug Alexander

American outlaw Bill Miner made history by orchestrating Canada's first train robbery. He also made history through one of the country's most infamous prison escapes. Information uncovered recently suggests that the legendary Aug. 8, 1907 jailbreak should be even more infamous, because Miner had inside help – not from other criminals, but from prison management, government officials and that era's icon of business, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Bill Miner was a career criminal whose exploits were dramatized in the 1982 film *The Grey Fox*. He has been characterized by researchers as one as the most notorious outlaws of the West in the 19th century, in the ranks with bandits such as Jesse James, Butch Cassidy and the Dalton brothers. In his 50-year criminal career, Miner was known by authorities across much of the western United States as well as Canada – no other Old West bandit accumulated such a lengthy and wide-ranging record.

Born in Onondaga, Michigan on Dec. 27, 1846, Miner began dabbling in petty crimes such as stealing money and horses as a teenager in California. By the time he was 19, Miner had graduated to hold-ups and planned robberies with accomplices. But he was none too successful. The law caught up with him within months of his first robbery and on April 5, 1866, Miner was sent to San Quentin Prison. The institution became his second home for much of his adult life.

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In 1906, captured a week after robbing a CPR train outside Kamloops, George Edwards, alias Bill Miner, was convicted in a Kamloops courtroom and given a life sentence in the New Westminster prison. Thirteen months later he got out.

Miner's brief periods of freedom over the next 35 years were punctuated by crime sprees across California and into Colorado – namely hold-ups and stagecoach robberies – followed by recapture, conviction and return to San Quentin. His last stagecoach robbery in 1881 landed him back at San Quentin for 20 years. On June 17, 1901, the convict was discharged from San Quentin for the last time. He was 54.

After spending 33 years of his life behind bars, Miner was released into a new century, where the railway had replaced the stagecoach. The railway gave Miner a new temptation, one too strong to ignore. Soon, Miner was back "on the rob," this time targeting trains.

Miner arrived in Canada after failing at a pair of train robberies in Oregon in mid-September 1903. It would be another year before Miner would strike again. On Sept. 10, 1904, Miner and two accomplices robbed a Canadian Pacific Railway train 65 kilometres east of Vancouver. They got away with it, but a couple of years later Miner was captured after botching another train robbery near Kamloops, B.C. The 59-year-old outlaw was handed life in prison – a sentence he vowed never to complete.

True to his word, he escaped from B.C. Penitentiary in New Westminster on Aug. 8, 1907. To this day, the jailbreak remains a mystery. Prison records claim that Miner and three other convicts escaped by burrowing under a prison wall – a declaration that never held up under scrutiny. Newspapers and some politicians had suspicions, but those who tried digging up the truth were stonewalled.

Nearly a century later, recently unearthed records support what they suspected – Miner had help. The documents suggest the CPR was involved. But what would have prompted officials to help a repeat offender such as Miner escape? He had leverage: he knew where the spoils from the 1904 train robbery were hidden.

Back on that foggy September night, Miner and two accomplices snuck aboard the CPR's Transcontinental Express No. 1 when it stopped in Mission, B.C. After it departed, the masked men ordered the engineer to stop eight kilometres away at Silverdale. They plundered the express car and escaped with $6,000 in gold dust, $1,000 cash and $300,000 in securities and bonds. Miner fled to B.C.'s interior, settling near the town of Princeton under the alias George Edwards.

With no insurance, CPR was on the hook for the loss of securities that would have been worth millions today. Miner had made a lucrative, yet largely unrealizable, haul. Again, he was a wanted man. The manhunt involved detectives, North-West Mounted Police and provincial police.

Miner lived quietly until May 8, 1906, when he and two partners robbed another CPR train outside Kamloops. They fled with $15.50, a bottle of pills and the authorities hot on their tracks. They were captured a week later. Two weeks after that, Miner was convicted in a Kamloops courtroom and given a life sentence. That should have been his last taste of freedom. However, this was the man who had once told a judge, "No prison walls can hold me." Thirteen months after entering the New Westminster prison, the wily convict got out. He was never seen in Canada again.

Greatest Robberies in

P.T. Barnum's Circus: When the circus came to Halifax in 1876, everyone enjoying the parade was too mesmerized to notice two thieves lurking about. They made away with $22,000 from the tills.

The Boyd Gang: A charismatic leader, Edwin Alonzo Boyd may be the most notorious bandit in Canada. In the 1950s, his gang pulled off daring bank robberies, terrorizing Torontonians and frustrating police.

Posse used to capture Bill Miner in 1906.

At his trial, a reporter who asked a spectator for his thoughts on Miner got this reply: "Oh, Bill Miner's not so bad. He only robs the CPR once every two years, but the CPR robs us every day."

Miner's breakout captured the public's imagination. Newspapers pursued the story of how one of America's most notorious criminals had made a mockery of Canadian authorities. Miner was already something of a mythic figure. At his trial, a reporter who asked a spectator for his thoughts on Miner got this reply: "Oh, Bill Miner's not so bad. He only robs the CPR once every two years, but the CPR robs us every day."

The warden's office sent a report to the Department of Penitentiaries in Ottawa on Aug. 12, 1907. The report said the men had escaped through the prison's brick-making yard.

"These convicts escaped through a hole dug under the fence at the rear of the brick machine. On getting through they made for the north west corner of [the] second fence in [the] back field, broke the lock [on the] security ladder at No. 10 stand which they used to get over the fence, and then ran through a field and crossed the road near the Glen bridge."

The story didn't add up. For starters, the hole was too small for men to crawl through. As more details came out, more questions surfaced. The Federal Department of Justice ordered Inspector of Prisons George Dawson to investigate.

Dawson interviewed officials, guards and convicts and recorded his findings in 59 hand-written pages. His report was never made public, and eventually forgotten. The only remaining copy surfaced in Miner's prison file when the B.C. Penitentiary faced closure in 1980. Tony Martin, a former prison official, rescued it from the garbage and guarded it for 25 years.

Dawson's report implicates the CPR, although the evidence was all but ignored at the time. Dawson had been unable to pursue significant avenues in his investigation. For example, even though he was inspector of penitentiaries, he was forbidden to interview the warden, Colonel J. Whyte, who was implicated for allowing unaccomp-

Canada

Ty Conn: Whether he was breaking in or out, Tyrone Williams "Ty" Conn is just as famous for his "escape – ades" as his heists. Among his many getaways, he once heaved himself over the Kingston Penitentiary's walls.

Monica Proietti: "Machine Gun Molly" held up more than 20 banks during the 1960s. Proietti was killed in a shoot-out with Montreal police, ending her plans to move to Florida.

anied visitors to see Miner. Other controversial testimonies were ignored or dismissed. Dawson's thorough investigative approach uncovered multiple and conflicting perspectives on the events. A letter to Dawson from Ottawa's Commissioner of Dominion Police suggests a cover-up.

"I understand from the Minister that you are out there conducting an enquiry into the escape of the notorious 'Bill' Miner and I have heard something recently which may turn out of consequence," the Sept. 3, 1907 letter states. "From a very reliable source I learn that the acting warden was warned about Miner's probable escape some days before it actually occurred and am further told that he and those with him are supposed to have made their escape through a hole under the fence, whilst good judges with whom I have been in communication feel confident that they made their escape through the gate just close to where the hole is and the party who was on guard that day in the Tower is alleged to have had the keys of the gate and is suspected of complicity in it. It is further stated that Miner's hair and beard had been allowed to grow to a considerable length before the escape. I give you this for what it is worth."

Dawson's inquiry revealed that acting warden D.D. Bourke (who took over before Miner's escape when Colonel J. White became ill) gave Miner liberties not afforded to other convicts. "Mr. Bourke felt sorry for Miner, who was getting old and was sick," Dawson noted. "He treated him as well as he could."

Bourke had transferred Miner from the shoe shop to the brickyard. He claimed that he wanted "to benefit his health" because he thought the prisoner was breaking down, but Bourke made the move without the required medical approval from the penitentiary surgeon. The acting warden also said he wanted to give Miner a break because his feet were blistered and swollen – a strange choice given that brickyard work was more physically demanding than the shoe shop.

Other statements suggest a conspiracy.

Shoemaking instructor George Mackenzie testified on Sept. 13, 1907 that "some eight or nine months before," Miner had been called to the warden's office. The old convict returned an hour later and excitedly told Mackenzie that at the warden's office he had met his lawyer, Alex D. McIntyre, and a CPR detective named Bullick.

According to Mackenzie, Miner "said Mr. Bullick told him he had been empowered by the CPR Company to say that the company had the promise of the Government that Miner would be pardoned if he would surrender to the company certain Australian bonds valued at 50,000 pounds sterling (about $7 million Canadian today), which the company believed Miner had taken from the express car when he had robbed the train near Mission two or three years ago."

Miner also told his shoemaking instructor that he had kept the bonds. "He said they emptied the contents of the express safe into sacks, and did not look to see what they had secured until they camped for the night. By the light of the matches they examined the contents of the sacks of plunder, and found the bonds … Miner concluded that it would be too dangerous to attempt to realize on them. He proposed to send them back, but his confidantes would not agree. They feared it might get them into trouble."

Miner told Mackenzie that they stashed the bonds under a log and buried their rifles nearby. Miner then offered Mackenzie a map to the location and asked him to examine the bonds. Mackenzie declined.

Mackenzie also testified that he had informed the warden of Miner's claim that a CPR detective had offered to secure his pardon in exchange for revealing the location of the bonds. Apparently, the information came as no surprise. "The warden said he knew about it, so I said no more."

Mackenzie also testified that Miner claimed he was alone with his lawyer and the CPR detective, a violation of prison rules.

Later, Bullick confirmed in a letter to Dawson that he had visited Miner, but contested the details.

"I might say the only time I visited Edwards [Miner's alias] in the Penitentiary was on the 9th day of February last in company with Jake Terry [a fellow convict]. The late warden, Colonel Whyte was present at the time. The visit was merely to see if Terry and [Miner] knew each other, as they were both in the San Quentin Penitentiary together. There was a short conversation between Terry and [Miner] in reference to the Mission holdup September 1904."

Bill Miner's prison record and the report from Penitentiaries Inspector George Dawson's inquiry into his escape may have been forever lost if it wasn't for a former prison official with a soft spot for history.

Tony Martin was familiar with the treasure-trove of documents held at B.C. Penitentiary in New Westminster because he worked there from 1958 to 1973. He became interested in the prison's history after poring over reports from the turn of the century during lunch breaks.

His curiosity led him to become the prison's official historian.

Martin, who relocated to Abbotsford, B.C. as regional auditor for Corrections Canada, was spurred into action in 1980 when the government moved to shut down the B.C. penitentiary.

"I was advised by friends that stuff was being discarded which they thought shouldn't be," Martin recalled. "I asked them to sidetrack it and put it in a barn. I then went up and arranged for many things to go to my office. They were quite literally taken off trucks that were going to the dump."

The saved items included papers related to Bill Miner that are considered to be the only surviving copies.

Martin is retired. The papers that shed light on Miner's prison exploits remain in his possession at his Abbotsford home. He has donated copies to a Kamloops museum and is still hoping to find a place that would give the papers their proper historical due.

DOUG ALEXANDER

This wasn't the only mysterious visit. Acting warden Bourke testified that only three visits to Miner were recorded, and "there is no record of the visit of A.D. McIntyre (Miner's lawyer), Detective Bullick (CPR) and another man." But, Bourke continued, "One day last fall, or late summer, the guard in the hall told me these men had come to see Miner, that they were there in the warden's office and that Miner was with them. The warden was there in the accountant's office. I did not see the men. I know nothing about them except what the guard told me."

But a statement by another penitentiary worker, referred to only as Keeper Stewart, places Bourke at such a meeting. Stewart said that Miner had visitors on June 27 in the brickyard, which was also forbidden by prison regulations. Stewart said he was called into the office of the acting warden and found Bourke there with Chief McIntosh of the New Westminster police, Vancouver detective Waddell and Sergeant Wilson of the North-West Mounted Police.

"Mr. Bourke instructed me to permit Sergeant Wilson to see and speak to [the] convict in the brick yard where he was there working. All three shook hands with him and asked him how he was getting on. Miner answered them in a very affable manner."

Stewart's next statement is at the core of most conjecture: he testified to an odd discussion in which Miner offered to give Sergeant Wilson a rifle he had stored "up the country." Chief McIntosh produced a scrap of paper, telling Miner to write an order giving the rifle to Wilson.

One can only speculate whether what Miner actually gave Wilson was directions to the bonds – but two weeks later, Miner was free.

Inspector Dawson's report was sent to Ottawa. On Oct. 11, 1907, his superior Douglas Stewart wrote back with several comments:

"The Minister has had under consideration the reports and evidence in this case and desires me to call attention to the numerous irregularities and errors of judgment which contributed to the escape ... Miner was visited by men that had no authority to enter the prison and there is evidence that some of these visits were not recorded. His solicitor had authority to interview him but only in the presence of the warden, or other officer named by the warden, and there is evidence to show that even this precaution was not enforced. There was no authority, whatever, for admitting the other visitors named, and the fact that they were admitted and permitted to interview convicts was assuming responsibility that no officer in the penitentiary possessed. There is ground for the suspicion that the escape was facilitated by these irregularities ..."

The letter chastised officials for allowing Miner's hair and moustache to grow, for inadequate guard levels and for the decision to put Miner in the brickyard. It concluded that the escape "was due to the facilities afforded by the deputy warden followed by the laxity and neglect of duty on the part of guard McNeill."

There was no follow-up to claims of the CPR offering Miner a pardon.

Skeptical politicians couldn't get satisfaction when the matter surfaced in the House of Commons in late January 1909. Bourke had retired as acting warden, but was contesting his pension and threatening to "make sensational disclosures" about Miner's escape to the press. Heated exchanges in the House led to confirmation of the missing bonds, Miner's unauthorized visits and special treatment, and even talk of CPR and a pardon deal. But Opposition demands for a public inquiry were rejected by Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier.

Those who have researched Bill Miner over the years, even before the Dawson documents surfaced, conclude he was let out of prison. John Boessenecker, who co-wrote the definitive book *The Grey Fox*, is convinced the escape was arranged by the CPR.

"He did not escape from the prison, he was let out of the prison. The only possible way he would have been let out of the prison is because the CPR had tremendous sway over the government and he had something they wanted ... The evidence all fits that those bonds were the only possible thing that Miner had to trade to get out of prison."

The CPR is skeptical. "I'd be very surprised because that just wasn't the way we operated," said CPR historian Jonathan Hanna. "We wouldn't, we couldn't, do anything to circumvent any kind of law or prevail upon provincial or federal authorities to change what it is you do, what's right or wrong, just for us." He believes that CPR documents should be able to prove or disprove such a controversial claim. "If something like that were to have happened I'd expect a whole lot more activity, paper-wise, and we would be able to document it because it would be pretty significant stuff. "That's why I take that with a pinch of salt."

Bill Miner was a career criminal whose exploits were recorded in the popular 1982 film *The Grey Fox*.

Unfortunately, all records of Miner's exploits with the CPR, including any paperwork by CPR's chief detective, no longer exist. Over the years, the company has purged almost all references to this *persona non grata* from its archives.

However he escaped from Canada, Miner didn't change his ways. On Feb. 18, 1911, he and two others held up a train in Georgia. They were caught four days later and convicted. Miner, then 64, was handed a 20-year sentence. On Oct. 18, 1911, Miner escaped from Milledgeville prison in Georgia. He was caught after a couple of weeks. Nearly eight months later, he escaped again with two other inmates. Miner was captured five days later, and took ill, perhaps from the swamp in which he had hidden. Miner died in custody in Georgia on Sept. 2, 1913.

Doug Alexander is a Canadian journalist and magazine writer whose work has appeared in Britain's *Geographical* magazine, *BBC History*, *Canadian Geographic* and the *Christian Science Monitor* newspaper.

For Valour

Ninety-four Canadians have received the Victoria Cross, the Commonwealth's premier decoration for acts of conspicuous bravery in wartime. In this Year of the Veteran, we pay tribute to six and thereby pay tribute to all.

By Chris Cobb

I feel as if they were my own children; my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest; one must revere and love such soldiers as these.
QUEEN VICTORIA, IN A LETTER TO HER UNCLE, LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS, MAY 1855.

It was a profoundly moved Queen Victoria who emerged from a meeting with Crimean War veterans in the spring of 1855. Shortly after the letter to her uncle she proposed a decoration in her name for those of the Empire who perform heroic deeds in battle. By February 1856, royal determination brought the Victoria Cross into being.

The simple design was the concept of Victoria's husband, Prince Albert. In that, and every other detail, the Queen was intimately involved and had the final say. The words "For Valour" on the award were her choice. She rejected "For the Brave," saying that it implied that only the recipients were brave, when every man who went to battle was. The Victoria Cross became the most coveted military award in the Empire. The original cross (and all since) was made from the bronze of Chinese cannon captured from the Russians at the siege of Sebastopol during the Crimean War. (Enough remains for another 80 or so.) It was only issued to men who survived their acts of heroism, until King Edward VII decreed in 1902 that next of kin could receive it. His decree was retroactive.

An amendment in 1858 allowed the award to be given for acts of bravery outside the field of battle. Six Victoria Crosses were awarded in this category, including one to Canadian Dr. C.M. Douglas who, as part of a British force, led a rescue of several sailors captured by natives on Little Andaman Island in Burma in 1867.

In 1881, the Victoria Cross reverted to its original intent; only those who exhibited "conspicuous bravery or devotion to duty in the presence of the enemy" could qualify.

Of the 94 Canadians awarded the Victoria Cross, Sergeant Ernest Alvia "Smokey" Smith, who earned his award in Italy, was the last surviving holder. He died on Aug. 3, 2005, age 91.

As Veterans Affairs Canada rightly states, there are many acts of heroism during war that go unseen or unrecorded. The 94 Canadian recipients of the Victoria Cross are more than just remarkable, brave men in their own right; they are representatives and symbols of those whose bravery went unseen and unrecorded.

The Beaver is profiling six VC recipients to illustrate the variety of heroic deeds performed during various conflicts by military personnel of various ranks in the three services. The choices here in no way diminish the acts of the other 88.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Michael James O'Rourke

MICHAEL JAMES O'ROURKE

PRIVATE, 7TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.
Born: March 19, 1878, Limerick, Ireland.
Died: Dec. 6, 1957, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Private O'Rourke was awarded the Victoria Cross "for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty during prolonged operations during fighting on Hill 70 Aug. 15-18, 1917." A year earlier he had been awarded the Military Medal for heroism during the Battle of the Somme.

From his official VC citation:

"For three days and nights Mickey O'Rourke, who is a stretcher bearer, worked unceasingly in bringing in wounded to safety, dressing them and getting them food and water. During the whole period the area he worked was subjected to severe shelling and swept with heavy machine gunfire and rifle fire.

"On several occasions he was knocked down and partially buried by enemy shells. Seeing a comrade who had been blinded rambling ahead of our trench, in full view of the enemy who were sniping him, Pvt. O'Rourke jumped out of his trench and brought the man back, being heavily sniped while doing so ...

"He showed throughout an absolute disregard for his own safety [and through] magnificent courage and devotion in continuing his rescue work in spite of exhaustion and incessant heavy fire of every description, he inspired all ranks and undoubtedly saved many lives."

O'Rourke never married. During his later years, he drifted between odd jobs, subsisting with a disability pension of $56 a month (at its most generous) and the twice-yearly VC gratuity of $48. O'Rourke became well known in the Vancouver labour movement and during the 1935 Waterfront strike donned his Victoria Cross and Military Medal to lead a parade of striking workers seeking union recognition and pay increases.

He was a heavy drinker whose antics were often reported in the press. Newspapers were critical of him in June 1951 when he refused to meet Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their tour of Vancouver. O'Rourke said he couldn't tolerate the ceremony or the crowds and was worried his legs wouldn't hold up. His war service had left him with chronic chest problems, but it was mental illness that debilitated him most. Today, he and many VC recipients would be diagnosed with post-traumatic stress syndrome; then, scant regard was paid to the psychological legacy of battle.

After years of sad living in small rooms among drug addicts and down-and-out veterans, O'Rourke spent his final years in a nursing home. When asked by a *Vancouver Sun* reporter in 1929 about his Victoria Cross, O'Rourke was typically modest.

"Sure I don't know what the fuss is all about, it was me job, you see, to take out the wounded. There was a lot of machine gun and sniper fire. I could not do anything else but keep on goin'."

William George Barker

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

WILLIAM GEORGE BARKER

CAPTAIN, ROYAL AIR FORCE.
Born: Nov. 3, 1894, Dauphin, Manitoba.
Died: March 12, 1930, Ottawa, Ontario.

Captain Barker was awarded the Victoria Cross for action over Foret de Mormal, France in October 1918.

Barker, a fearless fighter and bold risk-taker, began his military career as a private in the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles, where he became an accomplished horseman and marksman. He left for France in January 1915, and after several weeks of drudgery in the trenches, applied to join the Royal Flying Corps. He was awarded the Military Cross for heroism as an observer-gunner before training as a pilot.

Injured by anti-aircraft fire in August 1916, Barker spent a brief period as a flight instructor before returning to duty in France and Italy, where he logged more than 379 flying hours and shot down 46 enemy aircraft. By age 24 he had won numerous medals for heroism, including the VC, been promoted to lieutenant-colonel and had a tally of 50 enemy planes. Barker won the Victoria Cross on a flight that he and his superiors decided would be his last. To prepare for command of the air combat training school in the U.K., he decided to take a practical refresher course in his new Sopwith Snipe. On this flight he was attacked by 15 or more enemy Fokker D-VIIs.

Barker was surrounded, losing blood from a wound in his right thigh and moving in and out of consciousness, but he destroyed four enemy aircraft. He was wounded in both legs and the bullets ripping his aircraft apart shattered his left elbow. He was fainting from pain and loss of blood, but continued to fight for his life.

Barker's VC citation reads: "Notwithstanding that he was now severely wounded he dived on the nearest machine and shot it down in flames. Being greatly exhausted, he dived out of the fight to regain our lines, but was met by another formation, which attacked and endeavoured to cut him off, but after a hard fight he succeeded in breaking up this formation and reached our lines, where he crashed on landing. This combat, in which Major Barker destroyed four enemy machines (three of them in flames), brought his total successes up to fifty enemy machines destroyed, and is a notable example of the exceptional bravery and disregard of danger which this very gallant officer has always displayed throughout his distinguished career."

Soldiers who pulled Barker's battered and bleeding body from the wreckage were amazed to find him alive. He regained consciousness several days later.

After the war, Barker went into the aviation business with fellow war hero and flying ace Billy Bishop. Later, he was appointed general manager of a tobacco-growing company in Simcoe, Ontario. Ill health forced him out of that. After a post-war life of heavy drinking, chronic pain and depression, he died at Rockcliffe air base in Ottawa on March 12, 1930. During a public relations effort by Fairchild Corp. to sell planes to the federal government, Barker crashed a new two-seater aircraft.

William Barker, Canada's most decorated war hero, died at age 35, as spectacularly as he had lived.

FILIP KONOWAL

CORPORAL, 47TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.
Born: Sept. 15, 1888, Kudkiv, Ukraine.
Died: June 3, 1959, Ottawa, Ontario.

Corporal Konowal was awarded the Victoria Cross for heroic acts on Aug. 21 1917, in the Lens area of France, battling German machine-gun posts embedded in mining slag heaps. The Ukrainian-Canadian had served for five years in the Russian army, becoming an expert in bayonet fighting. He came to Canada in search of a better life in April 1913, joining the Infantry in Ottawa two years later. In England in 1916 he was transferred to the 47th Battalion. His VC citation reads:

"His section had the difficult task of mopping up cellars, craters and machine-gun emplacements. Under his able direction all resistance was overcome successfully, and heavy casualties inflicted on the enemy. In one cellar he himself bayoneted three enemy and attacked single-handed seven others in a crater, killing them all. On reaching the objective, a machine gun was holding up the right flank, causing many casualties. Cpl. Konowal rushed forward and entered the emplacement, killed the crew, and brought the gun back to our lines. The next day he again attacked single-handed another machine-gun emplacement, killed three of the crew, and destroyed the gun and emplacement with explosives. This non-commissioned officer alone killed at least sixteen of the enemy, and during the two days' actual fighting carried on continuously his good work until severely wounded."

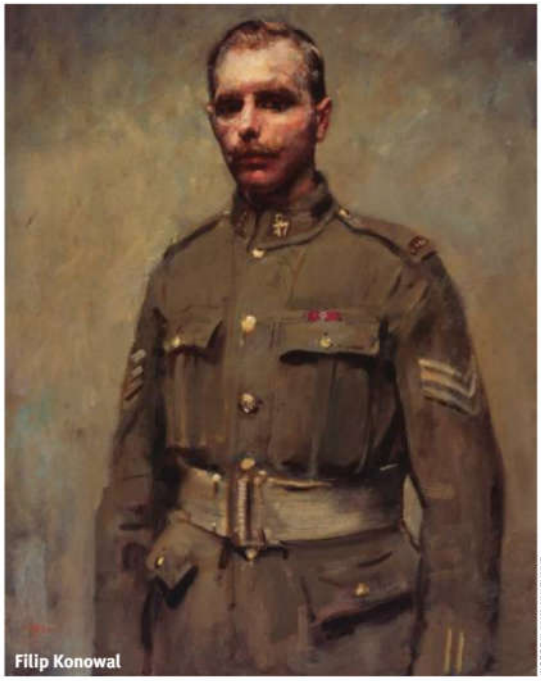
King George V presented the VC to Konowal in London on Oct. 15, 1917, saying: "Your exploit is one of the most daring and heroic in the history of my army. For this, accept my thanks."

In post-war life, Konowal suffered from his wounds. He was prone to headaches due to severe head injuries. He spent seven years in a Montreal mental institution after being found not guilty by reason of insanity in the stabbing death of a man in Hull, Quebec. Newspaper reports suggest Konowal killed the man after a fight during which he was hit in the head. Konowal thrust a kitchen knife through a door behind which his victim was standing, then sat and waited for police to arrive.

All hope of returning to Ukraine had been lost when he emerged from the institution. He had left his wife and daughter in Ukraine when he emigrated, but never saw them again; they were eventually presumed killed during Stalinist purges. In 1934, he re-married into a French-Canadian family.

Destitute, Konowal got work as a junior janitor at the House of Commons through fellow VC Major Milton Fowler Gregg, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons. Prime Minister Mackenzie King reassigned the war hero to his personal office, where he worked as a janitor until his death.

In 1956 an *Ottawa Citizen* reporter asked Konowal how he felt about being a janitor. "I mopped up overseas with a rifle," he replied with a laugh, "and here I must mop up with a mop." He also revealed for the first time what had motivated his act of heroism. "I was so fed up standing in the trench with water to my waist that I said 'the hell with it,' and started after the German army. My captain tried to shoot me because he figured I was deserting."


Filip Konowal

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Paul Triquet

PAUL TRIQUET

CAPTAIN, ROYAL 22ND REGIMENT.
Born: April 2, 1910, Cabano, Quebec.
Died: Aug, 8 1980, Quebec City.

Captain Triquet was awarded the Victoria Cross in December 1943 for "a magnificent flash of greatness" in Ortona, Italy.

In 1927, Triquet enlisted with the Royal 22nd (also known as the Van Doos.) He quickly rose through the ranks, gaining a reputation for selfless and inspirational leadership. Shortly before Christmas 1943, Triquet was given the responsibility of securing the strategic Italian hamlet of Casa Berardi, transformed into a formidable fortress by German infantry and tanks. Triquet's force of some 80 men, supported by the Canadian Armoured Regiment, had to cross a gully under heavy fire from machine guns and mortars. Half his men, including all officers, were killed or wounded.

Triquet motivated his men with contemptuous jibes at the enemy: "Never mind them, they can't shoot," he shouted. According to his VC citation, when the situation looked hopeless he told his men: "There are enemy in front of us, behind us and on our flanks, there is only one safe place – that is on the objective." Then he dashed forward, and with his men following him, he broke enemy lines, taking out four tanks and several machine-gun posts.

With his company reduced to two sergeants and 15 men, Triquet prepared for a counterattack that would come with full force. The citation continues: "A German counter-attack supported by tanks developed almost immediately. Captain Triquet, ignoring the heavy fire, was everywhere encouraging his men and directing the defence and ... personally accounted for several of the enemy. This and subsequent attacks were beaten off with heavy losses, and Captain Triquet and his small force held out against overwhelming odds until the remainder of the battalion took Casa Berardi and relieved them the next day. Throughout the whole of this engagement Captain Triquet showed the most magnificent courage and cheerfulness under heavy fire. Wherever the action was the hottest he was often seen shouting encouragement to his men."

Triquet emerged from his war experiences relatively unscathed and was treated like a movie star in his home province of Quebec. He left the army in 1947 and was a sales manager for a forest products company until 1951, when he joined the Reserve Army as commanding officer of the Regiment de Levis. Three years later, as Colonel Triquet, he took command of the 8th Militia Group. In most interviews or public statements he made after being awarded the VC, Triquet insisted he did not regard the medal as a personal honour but a recognition of the sacrifice made by the men under his command.

JOHN ROBERT OSBORN

COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR, 1ST BATTALION,
THE WINNIPEG GRENADIERS.
Born: Jan 2, 1899, Norfolk, England.
Died: Dec. 19, 1941 (in action), Hong Kong. No known grave.

John Osborn served in World War I as a member of the Royal Naval Volunteer Force and fought at the Battle of Jutland. He came to Canada and farmed for two years in Wapella, Sask., then joined the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba as a maintenance worker. Osborn joined the Winnipeg Grenadiers in 1933.

His heroic exploits, which culminated in him falling deliberately on a grenade to save the lives of others, were staggering in their selflessness, but unreported until the end of the war when Hong Kong veterans returned. During an attack near Mount Butler, a steep peak in north-central Hong Kong, a company of the Grenadiers became divided. A party led by Osborn captured the hill from the Japanese at the point of the bayonet. They held it, isolated and under incessant barrage, for three hours before being overwhelmed by greater numbers. Soldiers returning to Canada reported that Osborn ran the gauntlet of heavy rifle and machine-gun fire to cover his soldiers while they retreated. He somehow survived until the Japanese got close enough to lob grenades.

His Victoria Cross citation reads:

"Wherever danger threatened he was there to encourage his men. During the afternoon the company was cut off from the battalion and completely surrounded by the enemy, who were able to approach to within grenade throwing distance of the slight depression which the company was holding. Several enemy grenades were thrown which Company Sergeant-Major Osborn picked up and threw back. The enemy threw a grenade, which landed in a position where it was impossible to pick it up and return it in time. Shouting a warning to his comrades this gallant Warrant Officer threw himself on the grenade, which exploded, killing him instantly. His self-sacrifice undoubtedly saved the lives of many others. Company Sergeant-Major Osborn was an inspiring example to all throughout

the defence which he assisted so magnificently in maintaining against an overwhelming enemy force for over eight and a half hours, and in his death he displayed the highest quality of heroism and self-sacrifice."

WILLIAM HALL

GUNNERY OFFICER, NAVAL BRIGADE (ROYAL NAVY).
Born: April 25, 1829, Horton Bluff, Nova Scotia.
Died: Aug. 25, 1904, Hantsport, Nova Scotia.

Gunnery Officer William Hall was awarded the Victoria Cross for heroism in the relief of Lucknow, Nov. 16, 1857, during the Indian Mutiny.

Hall, the son of a slave, was the third Canadian and first black man to receive the Victoria Cross. He joined the U.S. merchant navy as a teenager in the age of wooden ships, and travelled the world. In Liverpool, England, in 1852, he joined the Royal Navy. He served two years as an Able Seaman during the Crimean War and was awarded both British and Turkish medals. He won the Victoria Cross while serving on HMS *Shannon* at the time of the Indian rebellion against British occupation of the sub-continent.

The target for the *Shannon* brigade was a mosque at Lucknow, in the Indian state of Awadh. Thousands of mutineers inside were well protected by two thick walls that ringed the compound. Hall volunteered to replace a missing man on the 24-pound gun, joining other crew members and soldiers dragging guns toward the mosque while under heavy fire. The outer wall was breached by the 93rd Highlanders at midday. The *Shannon* gunners dragged their weapons closer to the inner wall and began firing while soldiers launched a fruitless bayonet attack. Two gun crews, including Hall's, were ordered closer. As they inched toward the inner wall they were bombarded with enemy fire.

Hall's VC citation is brief, but the Nova Scotia Museum offers this description: "The enemy concentrated its fire on these gun crews until one was totally annihilated. Of the *Shannon* crew, only Hall and one officer, Lieutenant Thomas Young, were left standing. Young (also awarded the VC) was badly injured, but he and Hall continued working the gun, firing, reloading and firing again until they finally triggered the charge that opened the walls."

In a later interview, Hall said that after the gun crews had been killed, he and Lt. Young ran their gun as close as they could to the inner wall because it put them out of sight of the mutineers and was the safest place to be. Every time their gun was fired, the recoil knocked them back into the fire zone. Eventually they were able to breach the wall and the infantry took over.

Hall retired from the navy in 1876 and died in Hantsport, Nova Scotia at 75. He was buried in an unmarked grave without military honours. It was not until 1937 that the Canadian Legion acknowledged his bravery. Eight years later, he was reburied at Hansport Baptist Church. Later, a branch of the Halifax legion was renamed in his honour.

Chris Cobb is an author and journalist who writes for the *Ottawa Citizen*.

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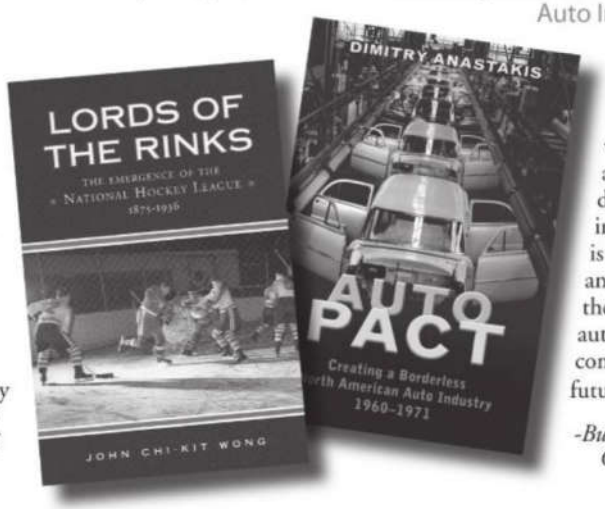
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A Letter from Ypres

Writing from the trenches of World War I, a young Canadian private shares the terror of the first effective gas attack on the Western Front.

by Stephen Carthy

He seemed an unlikely hero – short in stature, slight of build. Percy Leland Kingsley was born in Picton, Ont., Aug. 26, 1886. His family moved west and Percy worked as a clerk in the lumberyard they established in Humboldt, Sask. Then came war. At 5-feet, 6-inches, and 135 pounds, Percy barely met the physical requirements for volunteers when he joined up in August 1914 at age 28.

Percy Kingsley

Like many young recruits, Private Kingsley did his best to stay in touch with family and friends. However, many of the thousands of letters those young men wrote were carefully constructed so as to avoid upsetting the folks at home. The horrors they experienced and witnessed were left out, or at least played down. But one of Private Kingsley's letters was not like that.

At a time when the war was not going well for the Allies, this young soldier wrote about what he saw and what he experienced. There is no concern here for propaganda, jingoism, politics, adventure or any other form of distortion. This letter is blunt, honest and hauntingly disturbing. It is the truth of one man's experience.

The letter is dated June 26, 1915, and quoted as it appeared in the *Humboldt Journal* of July 22, 1915. It was addressed to a Miss Hanley. Her connection to the letter writer has been lost in time. So has the identity of the Mr. Davis referred to. Censorship of letters was in force, but perhaps because the letter was written after the battles had taken place, it got through in this form.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / W 433

Detail from *The Second Battle of Ypres*, April 22 to May 25, 1915 by Richard Jack.

Dear Miss Hanley,

Your letter of the 11th was received last night, and was indeed glad to hear from Humboldt. I also received a letter from mother and Mr. Davis. This is the first Canadian mail I received in over two months. A lot of our mail was burned and blown up at Ypres.

Well, I think I must have a charmed life. At least I am a very lucky fellow to be here at all. I went to France on February 9 and went into the trenches at Armentiers on February 18. We were in the front line for two days, in reserve and digging trenches for several days. It was not very busy then, although we lost a few men with shellfire and snipers.

After leaving there we went to the trenches at Fleurbaix on March 1. We were in the trenches at Fleurbaix until April 1. This is three days in front and three days in reserve.

The trenches were knee deep in mud and water. A number of our boys were taken out with rheumatism and frozen feet, but I was OK.

During our stay in Fleurbaix we lost about 100 men which was giving us a taste of the real war. We were relieved by a British division and went back to the town of Estaires for 21 days.

Estaires is a typical French town of about 30,000 population, which fortunately has not been ruined by shelling, although it is only seven miles from the firing line.

The first group of Humboldt men who volunteered for service in 1914.

THE HUMBOLDT JOURNAL

From Estaires we moved to Steenvoorde, where we were located for three weeks in billets. We were reviewed by General Smith-Dorien and General Alderson on Sunday, April 10, who told us of the good work we had done, and as he was pleased with our work and excellent appearance he would send us to the most important part of the line.

We left Steenvoorde on the following Wednesday. Little did we know what was before us.

On Thursday, April 14, we moved through the famous town of Ypres. Although Ypres had been shelled, the civilians were still living there, stores were open and lighted up the night as we passed through, and it looked real home-like.

The Seventh and Tenth Battalions of our Brigade went into the trenches that same night and we remained in reserve.

On April 15 we [5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade] relieved the tenth, and the 8th Battalion relieved the 7th. The trenches had been held by French troops and were in very bad condition.

The next morning at dawn, we had first view of our surroundings. Just over the parapet about 40 yards away lay over 300 dead Germans, who had been lying there since last October and when the sun rose, believe me, the stench was simply awful. Also in our trench there were hundreds of Germans and French just buried about a foot deep and you could not dig to improve [the] trench without striking a dead body.

The first two nights I slept on a grave containing a number of dead Germans and they were so near the surface that the ground would spring up and down like dough, and oh that smell.

That was the last sleep I had for seven days and nights. On the morning of April 22, as you know, the great German attack began.

They turned the gas on the French [Algerian] troops, who held the trenches on our left, and they retired in disorder leaving 4,000 yards of the line open, and this left the Canadian division cut off.

We extended at right angles to our line, and blocked the German advance. It was here that our boys were gassed badly, and it was here that 8,000 of us held 60,000 Germans for 22 hours without supports, and under the most terrific shellfire during this war. Just fancy shells of all kinds bursting over and around at 100 per minute and you will have some idea of it. It is marvellous how anyone ever lived under it.

Our artillery was put out of action, and it was in the charge of the 10th Battalion to recover a battery that poor Joe Pinnette from Humboldt was killed. He was killed by a bullet through the brain within 20 yards of our trench. Poor Joe, he did not suffer though.

Well, to make a long story short, we were there for five days and nights without food and when relieved some of the boys could hardly walk. Our losses were terrible, and the sights I saw I shall never forget.

We marched on to Wieltje, about three miles, and were given breakfast, then we were taken back in reserve in two days battle at Wieltje, where we were again cut up with artillery, but we advanced over two miles. To give you some idea of the slaughter, our brigade went in over 5,000 strong and came out 1,200 in number.

When we were finally relieved we marched back through Ypres to relieve trenches guarding the Yser Canal and bridges for six days. Here we lost 77 men by shellfire, and we were four miles from the firing line.

When we came back through Ypres the Germans were shelling it and the destruction was something awful. There were dead men, women, children and soldiers lying all over the city, and I don't think there was a house in the town that had not been ruined. It was an awful shambles. The dead were piled in houses and fired and burned. After six days here, listening to Jack Johnsons and Coal Boxes [high explosive shells] bursting and dodging shrapnel, we went to billets 4 miles the other side of Bailleul for 10 days, and then to Robaic and then down to

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/PA-000648

Early in the war, waves of soldiers, bayonets in hand, would go "over the top" and march across no man's land into a hail of enemy fire. It was not a particularly successful form of assault. As the war wore on, both sides developed infiltration tactics where small groups of highly trained and well equipped troops would attack vulnerable points, driving deep into the rear areas.

"The first two nights I slept on a grave containing a number of dead Germans and they were so near the surface that the ground would spring up and down like dough, and oh that smell. That was the last sleep I had for seven days and nights."

Festubert, 3 miles from LaBassee, another hot corner.

We had received reinforcements but were only 700 strong. [A battalion was normally 1,000 men, including officers.] We went in on May 19, in trenches near Festubert and on May 21 we received orders to take a German trench.

Shortly after 8 o'clock in the evening we leaped the parapet and charged and it was in the charge that I was wounded. It was very dark and a high explosive shell landed very close, getting three of us, a Sergeant and a fellow by the name of Sutton and myself. The Sergeant and I got Sutton back to the trench out of the fire, but he died, poor fellow, from a wound in the head. The Sergeant has also died of wounds.

After getting in trench I turned sick, and while I was vomiting another shell struck the parapet and nearly buried us. The stretcher bearer finally came and I was bandaged up and taken out of the trench about 12 o'clock midnight, was taken 14 miles in an ambulance to Merville where I was examined. I was hit in nineteen places. Three in the right leg, ten between elbow and wrist, three in shoulder, one in side and two in the head, just above the right eye. Fortunately they were all small except one in the leg, which was driven into the bone. Was shipped to Boulogne, where I was x-rayed and shrapnel cut out. On the 24th I was shipped to England and arrived at First S.G. hospital here at 11 o'clock night of the 25th and am here yet. I cannot walk yet without crutches but will be all right soon.

I expect to be sent to the convalescent hospital from here in a day or so, but it is only 8 miles away. However, address letters here and I will get them. Am glad Fournier is a prisoner, as I understood he was killed. Joe Stringer is also missing and hear Parker Garvie is killed but am not sure. [Stringer, Fournier and Garvie were all members of the first batch of volunteers from Humboldt, along with Kingsley.]

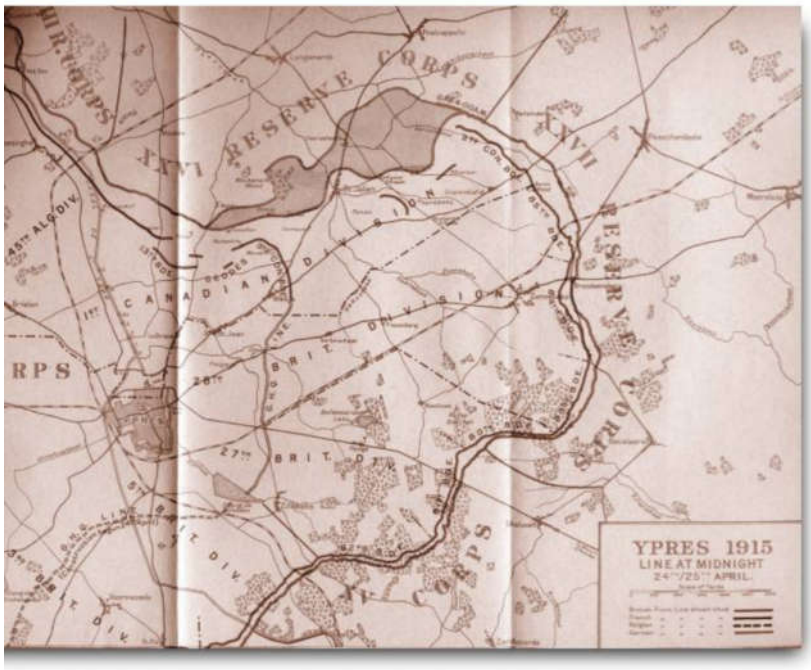
Poor Frank Stockall is wounded again. If you write

again let me know any news you have of any of the rest of the Humboldt boys, as I am the only one from Humboldt in our battalion.

The war is still raging same as ever, and I think it will be at the very least one year before it is over. I expect to be into it again about September 1. Tell Mrs. Fournier not to worry about Ed, as prisoners are not treated as bad as they say in Canada. Tell Mr. Davis I am answering soon and think it very kind of him.

Will remember you when I am smoking those cigarettes.

Well bye, bye.
Yours truly,
Percy



Ypres (now Ieper), Belgium. The green line indicates the German position at the beginning of the battle in late April 1915; the red the British and Canadian. Canada suffered 6,000 casualties in the Battle of Ypres, but the locale remained in Allied hands for the rest of the war.

Private Kingsley was assigned to the 5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. His unit was under the command of Lt.-Col. G.S. Tuxford, a Moose Jaw area rancher widely known for his cattle-drive adventures. The unit sailed for England on Oct. 3, 1914 and went into reserve on the sodden, cold Salisbury plain until February 1915.

The 2nd Brigade was part of a contingent that departed on Feb. 7, 1915 from Avonmouth, England, for St. Nazaire, France. It was a cold, wet and stormy five-day journey with many of the soldiers seasick. They then endured a 43-hour train trip to the front, in boxcars. There they received a week's indoctrination to the trenches with experienced British units.

On Feb. 26, 1915, the Canadians began to relieve the British 7th Division in the trenches of Fleurbaix. The Canadian trenches were 6,400 feet long. They were flanked by the British on both sides. Enemy trenches were only 200 to 250 feet distant. The trenches were sodden, fouled, stinking and cold. "Trench foot" was a common result of continual exposure of the feet to the cold, damp conditions. It was similar to frostbite in its effect.

The French and the British had different perspectives when it came to trenches. The French viewed them as temporary places in which to pause between offensives. The British viewed them as defensive positions that should be held at all costs. As a result, the French trenches were shallow, short and unconnected, with only light protection by barbed wire. British trenches were deeper, connected, longer and more solidly reinforced.

The Canadians held the line near Fleurbaix for 24 days before being relieved by the British 8th Division on March 25, 1915. They had suffered 278 casualties. On April 1 the Canadian Division was reassigned to General Sir Horace Smith-Dorien of the 2nd Army. They would go to the Ypres Salient, Belgium, a 17-mile-long curve from Steenstraat to Saint-Elio. The troops were sent by double-decker bus to Vlamertinghe. From there they marched through Ypres and Wieltje. The Canadian Division went to a sector consisting of 4,250 yards of trench. There were two French divisions on their left, the 45th (Algerian) and the 87th (Territorial). The 2nd Canadian Brigade, of which Percy Kingsley was a member, moved into position on the night of April 14/15, and remained there until April 22, a sunny, warm spring day on which the German forces attacked.

The Germans had installed 5,730 cylinders of chlorine gas along their trenches. At 4 p.m. the attack began with an artillery bombardment on the French positions. At 5 p.m. the winds were right and the Germans unleashed the deadly gas, causing the French to retreat in disarray. The gap left by the retreating French troops was about 8,000 yards, twice the length cited in Kingsley's letter. Three French soldiers died from the gas, and 625 were treated for its effects.

This was not the first time poisonous gas had been used. On Oct. 27, 1914, the Germans fired shells filled with chlorine gas near Neuve Chapelle. Still, the release of the gas at Ypres was unexpected, and the higher ranks were in chaos with no clear picture of what had happened, or was continuing to happen.

The German troops advanced and then dug in for the night as ordered. They did not press their advantage. Unaware that the Germans were stopping, the Canadians frantically tried to close the gap. The Germans' pause allowed time for the Allies to plug the gap, though it stretched their resources to the breaking point.

On April 24 the Canadians were gassed and sustained a heavy bombardment of artillery that lasted for 10 minutes. The 5th Battalion, of which Percy Kingsley was a member, and the 8th Battalion took a heavy pounding. Advancing Germans troops were astounded to find the Canadians still in their trenches after the gas and artillery barrage. They attacked five times and were repelled by the Canadians each time. The Canadians were also being assaulted by artillery coming from three directions. Their situation was desperate.

Around noon on the 24th, the German attack abated. Later in the afternoon British troops began to relieve

those Canadians who survived. But the Canadians had to return, and did not withdraw again until April 26.

Private Kingsley's 5th Battalion had been in the thick of battle at Ypres from April 22 to April 26 without reinforcements or food and only a very brief relief. The 10th Battalion had gone into the trenches with 816 men. The day after the German assault only 231 answered the roll call. The 2nd Brigade had actually been reduced from 4,000 men to about 1,200. Kingsley's letter overstates the toll. While part of the 2nd had to return to the lines, Private Kingsley's 5th Battalion remained in reserve near Fortuin. They were there for two days and endured heavy shelling.

Late on April 27, the 5th Battalion was ordered to Canal de l'Yser and camped near Vlamertinghe. The 5th and 10th Battalions combined lost 91 men to shelling there. The Canadians then went to billets at Bailleul, about 25 kilometres from Ypres, from May 4 to 6.

The Battle of Festubert, in the Ypres Salient, lasted from May 15 to 27. The attack by the Canadians, begun on May 18, followed an attack by infantry from India. The Canadians faced heavy opposition from German artillery, and were unsuccessful.

Allied forces renewed their effort with attacks between May 20 and 24. They captured the town of Festubert, but had gained less than a kilometre of ground. The battle was abandoned on May 27, with Allied forces suffering approximately 16,000 casualties. The Canadian 2nd Brigade had lost 1,253 men.

Private Kingsley's stay in the Birmingham hospital was followed by recuperation at convalescent homes until October 1915. He was then transferred to a reserve battalion before going back to the 5th, the unit he was with at the time of his injuries. He continued to be affected by unexplained fevers and was hospitalized for them in 1916.

In 1917 he was transferred to the 1st Canadian Divisional Headquarters and in November of that year promoted to corporal. At Divisional Headquarters he was assigned as an instructor in the Anti-Gas School.

In January 1918, Corporal Kingsley was mentioned in dispatches for distinguished and gallant service for his actions at the Battle of Festubert. In May of that year he was promoted again. As Sergeant Kingsley, he rejoined the 5th Battalion for the journey home to Canada in April of 1919. He was discharged in Regina, Saskatchewan, on April 24, 1919. He went back home to Humboldt and the family lumber business.

Kingsley married Margaret Pollard on July 26, 1922, and they had tree daughters, all of whom married and moved to the U.S. In 1939 he moved to Saskatoon, where he worked as a superintendent for Reliance Lumber Company and area representative for Swanson's Lumber of Edmonton. Percy Leyland Kingsley passed away in Saskatoon Nov. 30, 1982, at 96. He indeed had "a charmed life."

Stephen Carthy is a freelance writer and journalist living in Humboldt, Saskatchewan.

Take a journey through the thoughts
and hearts of the people who lived, explored,
and endured in the country that would become Canada.

Sondez les pensées et le cœur de ceux qui ont exploré cette nation qui deviendra le Canada, qui ont survécu à ses rigueurs et qui en ont fait leur pays.

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The Changing Face of the Governor General

The prestigious role of Governor General of Canada dates back nearly 400 years, to the Governor of New France, Samuel de Champlain.

The office of Governor General is Canada's oldest enduring institution. It was formally established with the appointment of the Viscount Monck in 1867, and has extended to the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson's term, which commenced October 1999. In August 2005, Prime Minister Paul Martin designated Michaëlle Jean the 27th Governor General. Humanitarian, journalist and documentary filmmaker, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean is one of Canada's youngest Governors General at 48. She was born in Haiti, descended from slaves, and came to Canada with her family as a girl. She is a Canadian citizen, and gave up her dual French citizenship through marriage just prior to assuming office.

CP PICTURES

Jean's installation ceremony was on Sept. 27, 2005. Her induction speech underlined the importance of the role: "I am determined that the position I occupy as of today will be more than ever a place where citizens' words will be heard, where the values of respect, tolerance and sharing that are so essential to me, and to all Canadians, will prevail. Those values, which are paramount for me, are linked inextricably with the Canada I love." Reflecting the changing face of the office, Michaëlle Jean is the third woman and the first black person to make her home at Rideau Hall.

To mark the occasion, *The Beaver* presents a recap of Governors General since Confederation, and some of their history.

1867–1868

Viscount Monck

Born: Oct. 10, 1819, Ireland
Died: Nov. 29, 1894

- The "Trent Affair" erupted just before Lord Monck took office; Lord Monck calmed the diplomatic crisis that threatened to bring the feud between the United States and Britain to Canadian soil.
- His diplomatic finesse was matched by his promotion of Confederation. Helped build "The Great Coalition," which promoted federalism.
- Known for his kindness and wit. John A. Macdonald wrote of Monck: "I like him amazingly … he has been a very prudent and efficient administrator of public affairs."

1869–1872

Lord Lisgar

Born: Aug. 31, 1807, India
Died: Oct. 6, 1876

- Red River Rebellion began during his first year in office.
- As nominal Lieutenant Governor of Rupert's Land, declared an amnesty during the Riel Rebellion.
- Acted as mediator when the Irish Fenians raided Canada in an attempt to win independence from Britain.
- Involved in convincing British Columbia to join Canada in 1871.
- First GG to travel to U.S., where he met President Ulysses S. Grant.

1872–1878

Earl of Dufferin

Born: June 21, 1826, Florence, Italy
Died: Feb. 12, 1902

- P.E.I. admitted to Confederation during his term (July 1, 1873).
- Served during the creation of several prominent institutions, such as the Supreme Court, Royal Military College and Intercolonial Railway.
- In 1873, established Governor General's Academic Medals to recognize excellence among Canadian students.
- Promoted unity by travelling to every province.
- Realized thet Rideau Hall needed space where ceremonial events could be held,so added a ballroom in 1873. Lord and Lady Dufferin organized numerous balls, concerts, dinners, theatrical performances and other social events.

1878–1883

DUKE OF ARGYLL
(MARQUESS OF LORNE)

Born: Aug. 6, 1845, England
Died: May 2, 1914

•At 33, was youngest GG; married to Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, Princess Louise, who gave the name Regina to the capital of Saskatchewan.
•Encouraged establishment of the Royal Society, Royal Canadian Academy of Arts and National Gallery.
•Travelled Canada promoting the creation of numerous institutions.

1883–1888

MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE

Born: Jan. 14, 1845, England
Died: June 3, 1927

•Served during tumult: outcry over building of the railway, economy moving into recession, Northwest Rebellion.
•Travelled throughout the west on the newly built Canadian Pacific Railway.
•Helped negotiate peaceful settlement of fishing rights dispute with U.S.

1888–1893

EARL OF DERBY
(LORD STANLEY OF PRESTON)

Born: Jan. 15, 1841, England
Died: June 14, 1908

•In 1893, gave Canada a prized icon, the Stanley Cup, for top amateur hockey club. (In 1926, NHL adopted the cup.)

•Sir John A. Macdonald died during his term, on June 6, 1891. GG replaced the prime minister with Sir John Abbot, later replaced by Sir John Thompson.
•Cemented the politically neutral role of the GG, declining to join provinces' opposition to the Jesuit Estates Bill of Quebec.

1893–1898

EARL OF ABERDEEN

Born: Aug.3, 1847,Scotland
Died: March 7, 1934

•Four prime ministers served during his term: Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
•His term saw the completion of the CPR and discovery of gold in the Yukon.
•Was made honorary chief of both the Six Nations and Blackfoot people.
•Participated in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebration in 1897.

1898–1904

EARL OF MINTO

Born: July 9, 1845, England
Died: March 1, 1914

•Term was a time of strong nationalism and increased immigration.
•Believing in the importance of preserving heritage, created the National Archives.
•In response to national tuberculosis crisis, established first anti-TB foundation.
•Loved the outdoors, promoted the creation of national parks.
•Took great interest in development of the Canadian military.

1904–1911

EARL GREY

Born: Nov. 28, 1851, England
Died: Aug. 29, 1917

•Saw Alberta and Saskatchewan become provinces in 1905.
•Strong advocate of national unity among French and English Canadians, played an important role in having Plains of Abraham designated a national park.
•Lady Grey was the first spouse of a GG to be called "Her Excellency."
•In 1909 donated the Grey Cup to the Canadian Football League.

1911–1916

HRH Duke of Connaught

Born: May 1, 1850, England
Died: Jan. 16, 1942

•First member of the Royal Family to become a Canadian GG.
•Against the backdrop of World War I, encouraged enhanced military training and readiness for Canadian troops.
•Sought to enhance participation and support for the war on the home front.
•Port Arthur, now part of Thunder Bay, Ont., named in his honour.

1916–1921

Duke of Devonshire

Born: May 31, 1868, England
Died: May 6, 1938

•Appointment caused early political problems: British Cabinet neglected to consult the Canadian government.
•With World War I raging, there was great unrest in Canada during his term. Tried to mend relations between French and English Canadians after conscription.
•Women got the vote during his term.
•Extremely interested in farming issues; while in the West discussed agricultural concerns with farmers.

1921–1926

Lord Byng

Born: Sept. 11, 1862, England
Died: June 6, 1935

•First to appoint Canadian aides.
•"King-Byng Affair" – political crisis redefined role of GG. After losing two votes, and facing a third, over corruption, Prime Minister Mackenzie King sought dissolution of Parliament. GG refused, Canada was left

temporarily without a PM. Once the crisis subsided, the King government redefined the role of GG as a representative of the Sovereign, not the British government.

1926–1931

Viscount Willingdon

Born: Sept. 12, 1866, England
Died: Aug. 12, 1941

• First GG to represent the monarch and act on advice of Canadian ministers, rather than representing the British government.
• In 1927, made first official visit of a GG to Washington.
• Having a great appreciation for the arts, introduced the Willingdon Arts Competition, with awards for painting and sculpture.

1931–1935

Earl of Bessborough

Born: Oct. 27, 1880, England
Died: March 10, 1956

•Installation was the first to be broadcast on radio.
•In 1932, witnessed first trans-Canadian phone system and creation of CBC.
• Took 10 percent salary cut to show empathy for those affected by the Depression.
• Theatre lover created nation-wide competition for amateur companies, the Dominion Drama Festival.

1935–1940

Lord Tweedsmuir

Born: Aug. 26, 1875, Scotland
Died: Feb. 11, 1940

• Well-known author; his suspense novel *Thirty-Nine Steps* became famous when Alfred Hitchcock made a film adaptation.
• Creator of the Governor General's Literary Awards.

• With Lady Tweedsmuir, created the first library at Rideau Hall.
•Encouraged Canadians to develop distinct identity; believed in building national unity and overcoming divisions.

1940–1946

EARL OF ATHLONE

Born: April 14, 1874, England
Died: Jan. 16, 1957

•Very active in supporting the war effort; inspected troops, training schools, and hospitals.
• Twice hosted Prime Minister Mackenzie King, British PM Winston Churchill and U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt at La Citadelle in Québec; the strategic meetings became known as the Quebec Conferences.
• When the war ended in 1945, he spoke about the future of Canada — one not marked by war, but by reconciliation and reconstruction.

1946–1952

VISCOUNT ALEXANDER

Born: Dec. 10, 1891, England
Died: June 16, 1969

• Esteemed World War II military hero.
• A great communicator; saw role as vital link between Canadians and their government.

•Presented with a totem pole made by Kwakiutl carver Mungo Martin on July 13, 1946, marking his installation as an Honorary Chief of the Kwakiutl. It stands on the front lawn of Rideau Hall.
• At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in 1949, the GG's power was redefined, and the GG began to be referred to as representing the "Commonwealth" instead of "Dominion."
• Saw Newfoundland enter Confederation in 1949.
• Visited Canadian Forces fighting in Korea in 1950.

1952–1959

RIGHT HONOURABLE VINCENT MASSEY

Born: Feb. 20, 1887, Toronto
Died: Dec. 30, 1967

• First Canadian-born and Canadian citizen to be GG; all since have been citizens.
• Emphasized importance of learning English and French.
• Promoted Canada's accomplishments in science, business and the arts; helped found National Arts Centre in Ottawa.
• Greatest dream was a Canadian honours system – Order of Canada created in 1967, after his term; Massey one of the first to be appointed a Companion.

1959–1967

MAJOR GENERAL RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGES VANIER

Born: April 23, 1888, Montreal
Died: March 5, 1967

• Spoke out on behalf of the disadvantaged, youth and the family. In 1964, helped organize Canadian Conference of the Family at Rideau Hall; led to the creation of Vanier Institute of the Family.
• As Quebec separatism gained popularity, defended Canadian unity.
• Supporter of Scouting movement, held role of Canada's Chief Scout.
• In 1967, started Vanier Awards for Outstanding Young Canadians.

1967–1974

RIGHT HONOURABLE ROLAND MICHENER

Born: April 19, 1900, Lacombe, Alta.
Died: Aug. 6, 1991

• In Canada's Centennial year Michener was appointed GG .
• Queen Elizabeth II presented him with the Royal Victorian Chain in 1973; one of two Canadians to receive the honour (also former GG Vincent Massey).
• Devoted to exercise and athletics, strong supporter of Participaction campaign, advocated for improved fitness among Canadians.
• Encouragement of excellence in journalism led to 1970 creation of the Michener Awards for meritorious public service in journalism.

1974–1979

RIGHT HONOURABLE JULES LÉGER

Born: April 4, 1913, St-Anicet, Que.

Died: Nov. 22, 1980

- Had a stroke six months after sworn in; Madame Léger helped in his duties as he recovered. She is the only spouse in an official portrait of a GG that hangs at Rideau Hall.
- Léger promoted artistic and cultural excellence; introduced Jules Léger Prize for New Chamber Music in 1978 and Gabrielle Léger Medal for heritage conservation in 1979.
- Léger appreciated Canadian fine art and supported numerous artistic endeavours.

1979–1984

RIGHT HONOURABLE EDWARD SCHREYER

Born: Dec. 21, 1935, Beausejour, Man.

- Advocated for Canadian unity, promoted bilingualism, encouraged atmosphere of goodwill.
- Promoted women's equality; in 1979, established Governor General's Award in Commemoration of the Persons Case, to commemorate the fight for women's rights.
- Interest in environmental issues led to creation of the Governor General's Conservation Awards in 1981.
- Wife Lily interested in many social issues, including people living with disabilities; she inspired the construction of the Fountain of Hope, dedicated to Terry Fox, at the main entrance at Rideau Hall.

ALL PORTRAITS © IRMA COUCILL

1984–1990

RIGHT HONOURABLE JEANNE SAUVÉ

Born: April 26, 1922, Prud'homme, Sask.

Died: Jan. 26, 1993

- First female federal Cabinet member from Quebec and first woman elected as Speaker of House of Commons, became first female GG.
- Concerns centered on youth, peace and national unity; established Jeanne Sauvé Youth Foundation, dedicated to youth excellence.
- Provided foreword for national publication *What Peace Means to Me*, marking "International Year of Peace" in 1986.

1990–1995

RIGHT HONOURABLE RAMON JOHN HNATYSHYN

Born: March 16, 1934, Saskatoon

Died: Dec. 18, 2002

- With wife Gerda, worked to showcase Canadian excellence at Rideau Hall.
- In 1994, represented Canada in France at 50th anniversary celebration of D-Day.
- In 1992, created Governor General's Performing Arts Awards, as well as Ramon John Hnatyshyn Award for Voluntarism in the Arts.
- Supported education through various initiatives, including GG Ramon John Hnatyshyn Education Fund.

1995–1999

RIGHT HONOURABLE ROMÉO LEBLANC

Born: Dec. 18, 1927, Memramcook, N.B.

- An Acadian, first GG from Maritimes.
- Brought attention to voluntarism, Canadian history, aboriginal peoples, peacekeeping and military.
- Instrumental in founding the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History.
- Proclaimed June 21 National Aboriginal Day in recognition of aboriginal people, their culture and their contributions.

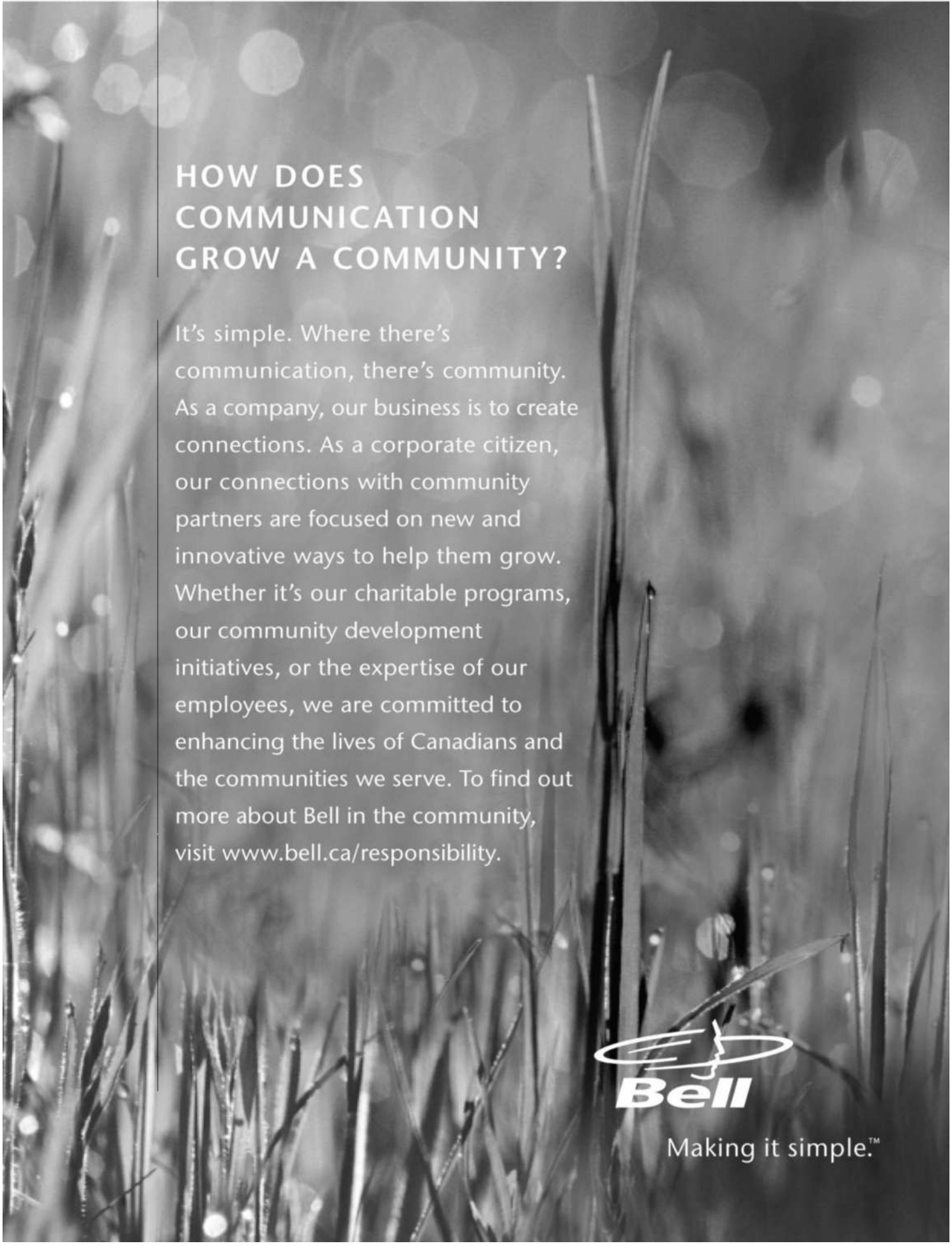
1999–2005

RIGHT HONOURABLE ADRIENNE CLARKSON

Born: Feb. 10, 1939, Hong Kong

- Travelled extensively with husband John Ralston Saul to meet Canadians.
- Recognized and encouraged Canadian troops at home and abroad. On New Year's Day 2004, visited Canadian Forces in Kabul, Afghanistan.
- At Rideau Hall, hosted first Governor General's Youth Forum in February 2002; about 100 high school students attended.

Compiled by Jennifer Nault. Additional information on the Governors General is available at http://www.gg.ca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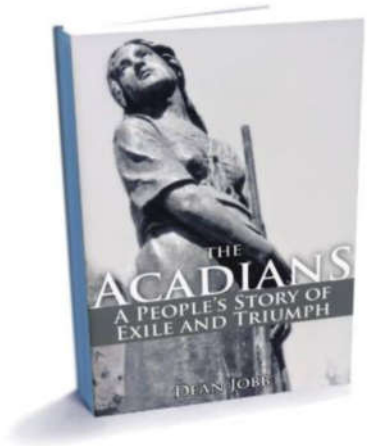


FEELING A BIT UNSETTLED

The Acadians: A People's Story of Exile and Triumph
by Dean Jobb
Wiley & Sons Canada, 2005
296 pp. $24.99 paper

From Migrant to Acadian: A North American Border People 1604–1755
by N.E.S. Griffiths
McGill-Queen's University Press, 2005
638 pp. $49.95 paper

In 1755, more than a century of Acadian settlement in Nova Scotia ended with the Great Expulsion. On the orders of acting Governor Charles Lawrence and his Nova Scotia council, approximately 7,000 Acadian men, women and children were torn from their homes and shipped south, many dropped along the eastern coastline of the American colonies. Further expulsions followed until the Deportation Order was lifted in 1764.

The Acadians: A People's Story of Exile and Triumph, published on the 250th anniversary of the Deportation, chronicles the history of the Acadians before, during and after their expulsion and highlights their survival as a people. Dean Jobb is a former reporter for the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* and the author of four books, including an award-winning exposé of the 1992 Westray coalmine disaster.

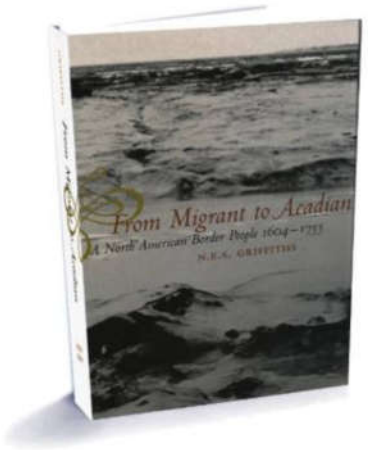
The statue of Evangeline, heroine of Longfellow's epic poem *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*, appears on the cover. Jobb documents events at Grand-Pré, the symbolic site of the Great Expulsion, but also describes the deportations from other Acadian communities. The Acadians were shipped to the American colonies. Further migrations took them to England, France, Louisiana, the West Indies, Quebec, the Falkland Islands and, in some cases, back to the Maritimes. Enduring incredible hardship along the journey, many people perished.

The Acadians is presented as a human as much as a political story. Written in documentary style, it combines narrative and interviews. Direct interviews with Acadians and Louisiana Cajuns blend with the stories of their ancestors, offering a balanced perspective of the past and the present. Current thinking and information on Acadian life is provided through interviews with professionals working in the field of Acadian history, adding a counterbalance to the author's analysis covering the past 200 years. Vivid descriptions bring people and places to life, providing insight into the world of the Acadians before the Deportation and after.

Although highly authoritative, *The Acadians* has a few small errors, which generally do not affect the overall book. For example, several minor historical characters are misidentified and there is some confusion about the British forts. (For example, Fort Anne did not yet have that name and the Halifax Citadel had not yet been built.) Also, the reader would benefit from a map identifying historic locations. An excellent bibliographical essay compensates for the absence of endnotes. Overall, this book is an engaging, well-written and evocative history, of interest to scholars and the general public.

The culmination of 45 years of research by N.E.S. Griffiths, professor emeritus at Carleton University, *From Migrant to Acadian: A North American Border People 1604–1755* is the latest in a considerable body of groundbreaking work on the Acadians published during Griffiths' career. Drawing on her own work and that of other scholars, Griffiths traces the history of the Acadians from their arrival as French migrants in the 1630s to their deportation in 1755, examining how they evolved into both an independent polity that dealt with French and British officials in the colony and a distinct society that still endures. Acadian identity was rooted in kinship ties within and between Acadian settlements, a strong sense of community reinforced by cooperative work, a good standard of living, the Roman Catholic faith, contacts with the Micmac and New Englanders and strong Acadian leaders.

Community leaders represented their fellow Acadians during the French regime, and after 1710 played an important role as middlemen between British colonial authorities and the Acadians. Long before 1755, the Acadians considered themselves the rightful inhabitants of Nova Scotia, an independent people with the right to negotiate with governments. For the majority of Acadians, their loyalty was not to Britain or to France, but to Nova Scotia and their lands. A border people, caught between New England and New France (major North American colonies) the Acadians had a sophisticated sense of their own political needs. They wanted to remain neutral and separate. Despite the Acadians' repeated evidence of neutrality, officials in New England, New France and Nova Scotia believed they were potential supporters of the French and their native allies. The Acadians did not live in a peaceful paradise. Instead, they lived at a cross-



roads of empire, the meeting place of French, British and native activity.

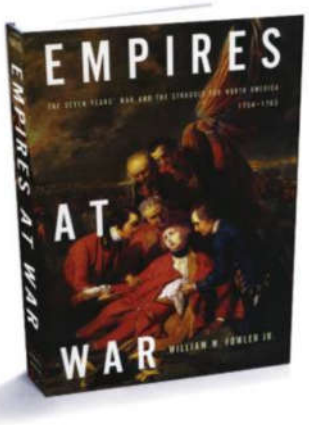
The most important aspect of *From Migrant to Acadian* is the context it provides for decisions and actions taken in the colonies and Europe. We gain a much clearer understanding of Acadia and the Acadians against the backdrop of politics and events in New England, New France and Europe.

This book is thoroughly researched and scrupulously documented, with more than 100 pages of endnotes and an extensive bibliography. It has to be said, however, that the author was not well served by proofreaders, who left partially edited sentences and small inconsistencies throughout the text. *From Migrant to Acadian* will serve as a reference book for students of Acadian history for some time to come.

Reviewed by **Brenda Dunn**, a former Parks Canada historian and author of *Port-Royal/Annapolis Royal, 1605–1800* and *The Acadians of Minas*.

A WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME

Empires at War: The Seven Years' War and the Struggle for North America, 1754–1763
by William Fowler
Douglas & McIntyre, 2005
368 pp. $37.95



Between 1754 and 1763 the world's two superpowers faced off in a war that would give shape to the world for centuries to come. Known in different quarters as the Seven Years' War, the French and Indian War and the War of the Conquest, this massive struggle pitted England, France and their respective allies against each other on battlefields in Europe, Africa, the Caribbean, Asia and India. The most decisive battles of the war, however, were fought in North America. Chief among these was the taking of Quebec by the British under James Wolfe.

In his new account of these events, William Fowler defines this "titanic struggle for imperial domination" in which about one million died as the first true world war. This articulate and compact retelling focuses largely on the struggle for the Ohio Valley, to which France and Britain held incompatible claims.

Alarmed by the westward expansion of English trade and influence, the French sent troops and built fortifications in the Ohio Valley to protect the trade with their

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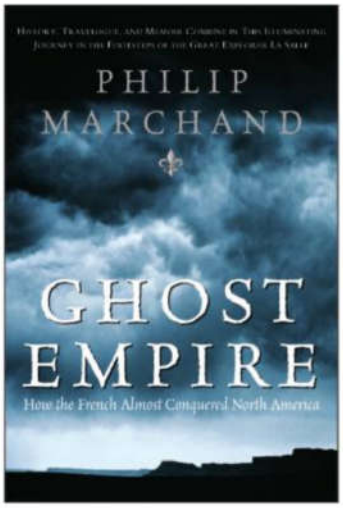
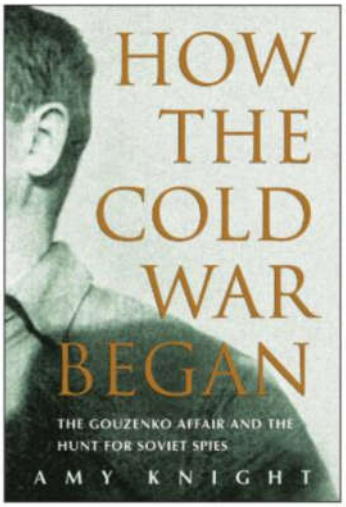


"An amazingly fresh, surprising take on North American history. . . . It reads like a Canadian version of *Heart of Darkness*." – **Douglas Glover, *Globe and Mail***



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– **Margaret MacMillan, author of *Paris 1919***

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native partners. Expansionist governors of the American colonies, meanwhile, grew weary of being trapped between the strong and capable French and the sea. These hawks were "bent on taking more Iroquois land and cared little for the means." Thanks largely to the efforts of Massachusetts Governor William Shirley, the governors successfully lobbied London to respond with military might.

The usual characters are here, including the fiery and controversial William Pitt, who led the English government at key points during the struggle, and a young and dapper George Washington, some of whose military decisions would fan the flames of war. There is also a smart account of the tragic cat-and-mouse game between rival generals James Wolfe and Louis-Joseph de Montcalm, who were both killed in the battle for Quebec.

Unlike many histories of the Seven Years' War, this one provides extensive detail about the situation of North American native people before, during and after the war. Arguing that the English victory may have accelerated the decline of their power, the author investigates their respective motives, their shifting alliances, the European men who talked promises with them, and their different leaders, including Iroquois Chief Hendrick (Theyanoguin) and "the last obstacle to British victory," Chief Pontiac of the Ottawa.

With an emphasis on the British parliamentary tug-of-war that pitted hawk against dove, the book also sheds light on the individual players in the European theatre and dabbles in the situations of far-flung colonies. It probes the reasons behind France's alliance with the Austrians and Russians, while England threw its support behind Frederick the Great of Prussia. While the English king was preoccupied with events in Europe, it was Pitt who decided that, "within the overarching goal of reducing the French overseas empire around the world, priority went to North America."

With seven previous books on historical topics, the author has solid credentials. A former faculty member of Northeastern University, he was appointed director of the august Massachusetts Historical Society in 1998. His research for this book took him from Boston to Ottawa and to a number of historical sites. His prose is articulate and compelling, his narrative well plotted. It is puzzling, therefore, that frequent errors of syntax or spelling crop up from time to time. Some examples: It was "a war that had began accidentally." The English scout "could not find a single Frenchmen." "Forbes spent his time pouring over the maps." There was a "breech of international etiquette." To say these errors undermine the book would be very unjust; however, they do call the editing into question and lend the work an unfortunate and probably unfounded "quickie" quality.

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Pleasantly peppered with engravings and plans (although a few more charts would have been appreciated), copious footnotes and bibliographical information are included. Whatever you choose to call the war, this is a scholarly work that can be hard to put down at times.

Reviewed by **J.D. Gravenor**, a writer and editor who divides his time between Montreal and Ottawa.

MORE BOOKS

Royal Spectacle: The 1860 Visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada and the United States
by Ian Radforth
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2004
340 pp., illus., $39.95 paper

In 1860 Queen Victoria's 18-year-old son Albert Edward (the future Edward VII) alit on Canadian soil to responses that would be familiar today, including gawking, fawning, jostling, rubbernecking and protest. It wasn't a media age, but this first royal tour of Canada by the heir to the throne of the world's most powerful nation was a press sensation, capturing the public imagination and cementing colonial bonds, as it was meant to do.

University of Toronto history professor Ian Radforth has made an exhaustive study of Bertie's progress through British North America, opening a window to the social relations and cultural values of this pre-Confederation and, in the U.S., pre-Civil War period. In Canada West, the prince's visit inflamed Orange and Catholic rivalry. Aboriginals were permitted a presence (and they would become a ritual part of royal visits to come) but African Canadians were silenced. French Canada found in the visit a focus for pride in its own resilience. After two months on display, Bertie sailed for England, never to return. But he left a legacy of royal populism that holds to this day.

The Last Good War: An Illustrated History of Canada in the Second World War, 1939–1945
by J.L. Granatstein
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 2005
242 pp., illus., $55.00 hardcover

A companion volume in style and heft to *Hell's Corner*, Pierre Berton award-winning author Jack Granatstein's illustrated history of World War I, *The Last Good War* combines a wealth of first-person accounts and many never-before-seen photographs and illustrations to capture the global conflict that is fading from living memory in the Canadian population.

As the book title suggests, World War II was a just war – unlike the rival imperialisms of World War I – a genuine struggle for survival against what Granatstein characterizes as a "monstrous evil." Canada's contribution to this cause, in money, food, supplies and personnel, was much greater than it had been in the Great War, though mercifully fewer in war dead. Wracked by economic

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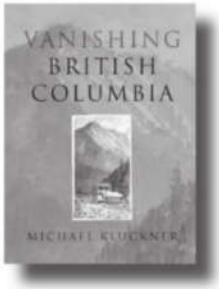

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– Jean Barman, author of *Stanley Park's Secret*

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depression at the start of the war, Canada emerged in 1945 prosperous, united and a respected "middle power" on the world stage. Meticulously researched and vividly written, *The Last Good War* seems like (almost) the last good word on the last good war.

Stanley Park's Secret: The Forgotten Families of Whoi Whoi, Kanaka Ranch, and Brockton Point
by Jean Barman
Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, B.C., 2005
288 pp., illus., $36.95 hardcover

Vancouver's popular Stanley Park seems as pristine as an urban commons can be. Opened in 1888 when Vancouver was the tiny western terminus of the lately finished Canadian Pacific Railway, the park seems timeless – an enduring expression of the forest primeval. Not so, writes Jean Barman in this thorough and revealing history. Not only had much of the land been logged, it was home to a number of aboriginal settlements. Only in 1958 were the last of the many families forced from their homes to restore the park to its supposed pristine character. Barman has tracked the descendants of the displaced families and trawled the court records for proceedings against the resident families to illuminate a dark corner of B.C.'s history.

Adventures of a Paper Sleuth
by Hugh P. MacMillan
Penumbra Press, Manotick, Ontario, 2004
343 pp., illus., $35 hardcover

In 1964 Hugh MacMillan persuaded the Ontario Archives to hire him as a "roving archivist." For the next 25 years he ranged over the barns, attics and basements of the world in pursuit of Canadian history-linked treasures. Among the things he found: Upper Canada Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe's papers (owned by a New Zealand farmer), the bugle from Canada's first warship *The Rainbow* and film footage of Wilfrid Laurier's funeral. More than a tally of swag, MacMillan's book is a collection of quirky characters, unsung heroes and clever detective work told in an engaging style by a man with a great passion for life.

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Christopher Moore

The Kids are Alright

Children are reading historical fiction as never before. What lies behind the remarkable boom?

The kids don't know their history, we hear. They are not interested. They don't care. No one is teaching it. It isn't made interesting. The country is going to hell.

Here's saying it ain't necessarily so.

Last spring the Canadian Children's Book Centre invited me to be a juror for the Bilson Prize, awarded annually since 1988 to Canada's best historical novel for young readers. The last time I did that, about 10 years ago, we had about 10 nominated books to read. This year it was more like 50.

Someone is reading these books. No one is making them do it.

Today you would be hard pressed to think of a time and place in Canadian history without a historical novel for young people, often strikingly well written. The Bilson jury read novels about classic Canadian situations: Batoche, Klondike, the Acadian deportation, Joseph Howe, the *filles du roi*. We read about subjects history texts might not get to: the 1950s polio scare in rural Cape Breton, the suffrage movement in small-town Ontario, the experience of native families being dispossessed of their land and culture in the 1960s. We went beyond Canada too, for Canadians write historical novels about places such as Cairo, Chicago and London.

It's not only the amount of historical fiction for kids that is rising fast. "The quality of historical fiction in Canada has gone way up," Vancouver-based writer and critic Sarah Ellis told me recently. "Oh, those dreadful Canadian books of my own childhood, lumpy with pedagogical intent."

That's hardly the case now. Canada's best children's writers, ones with international reputations, are eagerly working with historical subjects. Winnipeg's Carol Matas, internationally known for her powerful novels of the Holocaust, thinks the boom in historical fiction is part of a general explosion of good writing for kids. And she knows the power of a story about "here." She mentions her story *Rebecca*, based loosely on her grandmother's life in Manitoba: "I know that when students study it here in Winnipeg, it brings out a flood of stories relating to their own lives and makes the experience very special for them."

Karleen Bradford, of Owen Sound, Ont., says, "More and more writers love writing historical fiction. I can't speak for the others, but I know that I love immersing myself in another era."

Bradford recalls being told in the 1980s, when she set her first novel in English history, that there was no audience for historical fiction. But *The Nine Days Queen*, published in 1986, is still in print. Much loved author Janet Lunn of Ottawa, who has been writing historical fiction since the 1960s, says, "I remember thinking that I wished that I could write the with-it, contemporary stories that were so popular. But I was stuck to write back-in-time stories of one sort or another!"

MICHAEL DENORA/GETTY PICTURES

Teachers and librarians have encouraged this boom in historical fiction. According to Brenda Halliday of the Canadian Children's Book Centre in Toronto, "Socials teachers are always looking for historical fiction, particularly as an entry point for young readers starting an historical subject, and also for its value in bridging between history and language arts, socials," and other parts of the curriculum.

Lunn, however, does want to remind us these books are for readers, not teachers. "I only hope teachers who pounce on the books as history lessons don't kill the pleasure the kids are finding in the stories."

Publishers have played a role, too. One reason the Bilson jury had a lot to read this year was two Canadian series launched in the last five years by the large foreign-owned publishers Penguin and Scholastic. Penguin's *Our Canadian Girl* series now has 48 books, and Scholastic's *Dear Canada* has 12 so far.

For these publishers, the programs were market-driven. Barbara Berson of Penguin recalls how her sales reps kept coming in asking for "stories about pioneer girls." Sandra Bogart Johnston of Scholastic says that when *Dear Canada* and its fictionalized first-person diaries of young women in Canadian historical settings began appearing, "I was afraid marketing was being too bullish." But "they were astonishingly successful. We don't do many hardcover novels for kids. And boys as well as girls have taken an interest in them."

Both series have exceeded sales expectations, not least because they both recruited many of the best and most popular children's writers, including Ellis, Bradford, Matas and Lunn, and such other well-loved authors as Jean Little, Kit Pearson and Kathy Stinson.

Female writers dominate the field of historical fiction for kids, and both series are designed and marketed for girls. But Scholastic's Bogart Johnston says boys as well as girls have taken an interest. Penguin's Berson says, "Boys will read historical fiction, but it needs to be action driven. It doesn't have to be a war story, but it certainly must be action oriented. For girls, however, it's more in the details."

Is there a downside to this? Comparing this year's Bilson crop with that of a decade ago, I see the boom in the historical novel encouraging a certain amount of formula writing. But even formulaic novels have an honorable tradition of drawing young readers in and moving them on. For kids who read one and want another just like it, it's a great time to be reading about Canadian history.

Author Bradford says, "It's funny, but people worry that TV will turn kids off reading. Instead, in many cases, I think it opens up the world to them and stimulates their interest in reading about times and places that it has shown them. When I talk to kids in schools they get as enthusiastic as I do about the history of their country and the people who helped make this history. They drink it in."

"Could it be a coming of age thing?" muses writer Janet Lunn. "At last, we have discovered that our history isn't quite as dull as so many used to proclaim. I still read, in articles about some new book/play/TV play, lead-in sentences telling me that 'although everyone says our history is dull, at last here is someone who…' But these writers are trotting out a tired-old attitude. History is definitely fashionable."

The Canadian Children's Book Centre announced in November that the 2005 winner of the Geoffrey Bilson Prize for Historical Fiction for young readers is Michel Noël. An aboriginal writer from Quebec and a past winner of the Governor General's Literary Award, Noël was honoured for his powerful novel *Good for Nothing*, published by Groundwood Books. It is both an adventure story and a political thriller set in the reserve communities of northern Quebec.

The short-listed authors honoured this year were Karleen Bradford for *Angeline* (HarperCollins), Sharon McKay for *Esther* (Penguin Books), Anne Laurel Carter for *Last Chance Bay* (Penguin) and Carol Matas for *Play Ball!* (Key Porter).

Geoffrey Bilson, a Saskatchewan history professor and writer of historical children's literature, died in 1987 and left a bequest from which the award was inaugurated in 1988. Winners receive $1,000. For more information, consult the Canadian Children's Book Centre at www.bookcentre.ca.

Historian and writer Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*.

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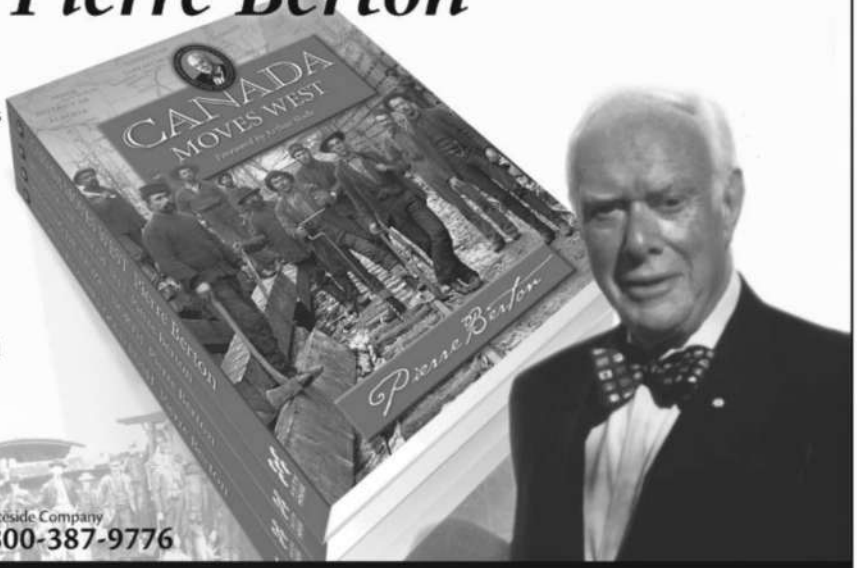

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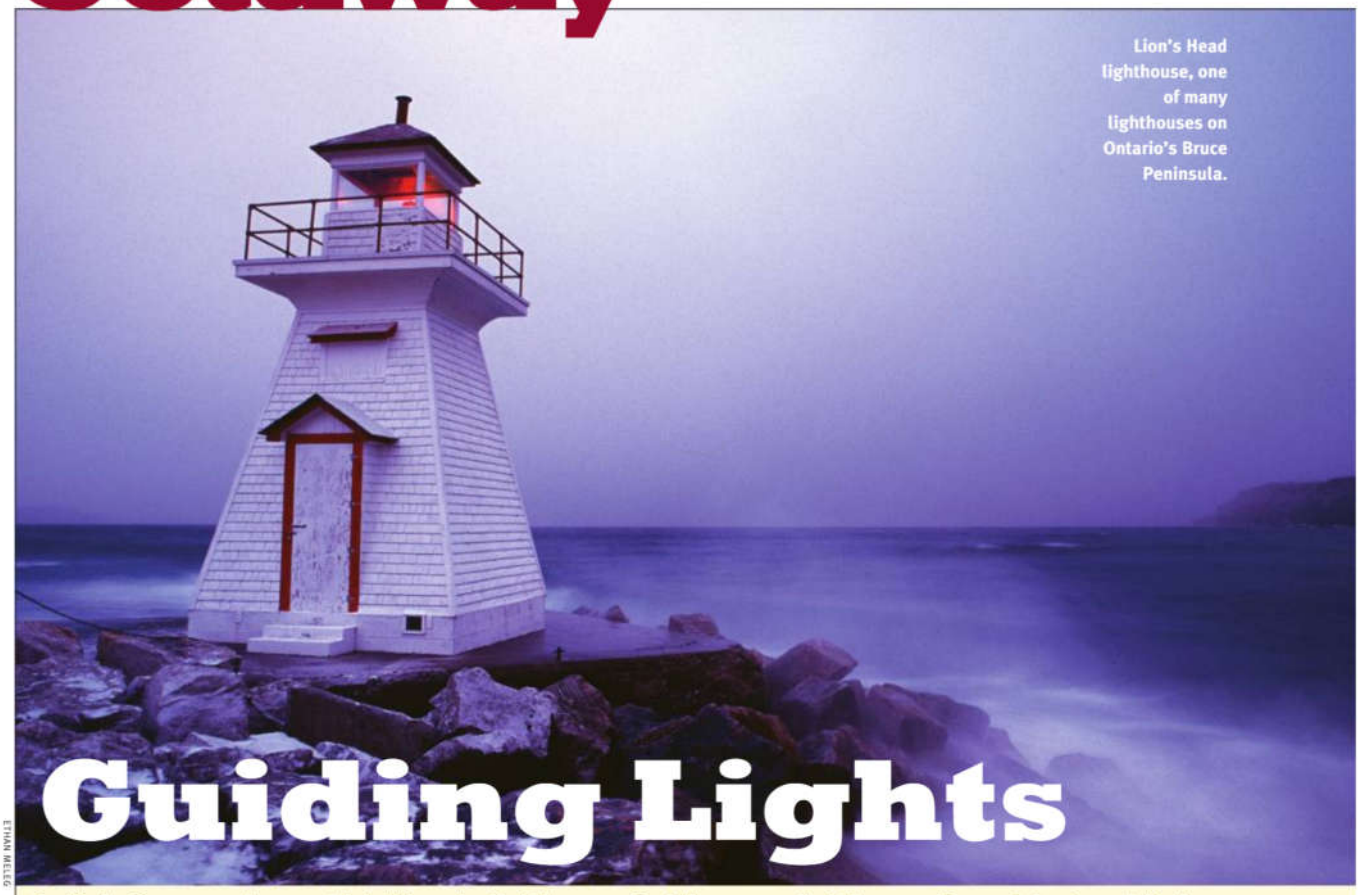

Lion's Head lighthouse, one of many lighthouses on Ontario's Bruce Peninsula.

ETHAN MELEG

Guiding Lights

And Lake Huron mariners said, let there be lighthouses. And there were lighthouses. Penny Johnston visited many of them along the shores and shoals of Ontario's Bruce Peninsula and saw that they were good.

Two summers ago, lowered Lake Huron levels revealed ribs of a schooner's hull on Southampton Beach, a five-hour drive northwest of Toronto. Excavations by marine archeologists exposed a massive-timbered, oak-frame, two-mast vessel that was 18 metres long with a 5.4-metre beam. Recovered military artifacts suggest the vessel was active during the War of 1812, though likely shipwrecked a few years later. Such a wreck was not uncommon in the early days of settlement along the Lake Huron–Georgian Bay shoreline. The hidden reefs, rugged rocks and shifting sandbars made early navigation a mariner's nightmare.

Westward settlement, expanded Great Lakes trade and the advance of steamship transportation in the mid-19th century forced a change. In the 1850s, a string of lighthouses was built along Lake Huron's Bruce Coast, six of them "Imperial" lights, their construction costs supported by Great Britain, their exteriors quarried by Scottish stonemasons and shipped to the colony as ballast.

Today, the Cove Island lighthouse, which still marks safe passage through the perilous strait between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, remains in top condition with its original Fresnel lens, shipped from Paris and assembled by French technicians. The other five continue to aid navigation. But for holidaymakers, they and nine other lighthouses along the scenic Bruce Coast remain beacons of beauty, punctuating shorelines with their white columns and bright red roofs, reminiscent of a maritime way of life now largely lost to modern technology.

A tour might begin with Point Clark Lighthouse, a national historic site 35 kilometres north of Goderich. The tower and lighthouse keeper's cottage are open to visitors seasonally. Like the other Imperial lighthouses, Point Clark was built to last. At ground level, the elegant dolomite limestone walls are nearly 2 metres thick, tapering to .6 metres at the top where the walls are flared into a projection to give support to a 12-sided glass lantern framed in cast iron. A bronze lion head at each

ETHAN MELEG

Cove Island lighthouse marks safe passage between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay.

angle of the eaves directs rainwater away from the domed red roof. Point Clark, like the other Imperial towers, was built by Scottish-born John Brown, who apprenticed as a stonemason in Glasgow and is recognized today as an exceptional craftsman. Hauling stone and workmen to remote sites, however, proved a logistical nightmare for Brown, and he very nearly went bankrupt. Only six of a planned 11 were built. The cost became prohibitive for a struggling colony.

Drive north along Highway 21 for 20 minutes and you'll reach Kincardine Lighthouse and Museum, located in the downtown harbour. This octagonal wooden tower was built in 1881 to service a local salt and fishing industry. Through the lantern-room window, you can see the remains of the *Ann Maria*, a schooner that sank in 1902, lying just off the south pier. Town clerk John H. Scougall (1805–1922), whose hobby was photographing activities of town life, was one of the many townspeople who rushed to the pier to capture the sinking. His historic photos are hung in a room named in his memory. Joining the tower is a six-room house. In the kitchen of the former keeper's quarters are photographs and pages from diaries of lighthouse keepers over the years. Every evening during the summer a Scottish piper ascends the lighthouse stairs to play his bagpipes at sundown.

After a 40-minute drive north to Southampton, take a 15-minute boat tour from the harbour to visit another of the Imperial lighthouses, delightful Chantry Island Lighthouse, and the lighthouse keeper's cottage, lovingly restored by volunteers. The island is a federal sanctuary with over 40,000 birds returning in spring, including 60 varieties of egrets.

Also located in Southampton is the Bruce County Museum with an extensive expansion and restoration added in 2005. In the Marine Gallery is a shipwreck diorama detailing the excavation on Southampton's beach of the mystery schooner and its many artifacts.

An hour's drive north of Southampton, tour boats from Tobermory, Georgian Bay, visit Flowerpot Island, an almost two-hour boat ride. Take the Loop trail up the island to the lighthouse keeper's home, to learn more about the many schooners that sank to watery graves in Fathom Five National Marine Park. On the east side of the tip of the Bruce Peninsula, one of the last lighthouses to be built, Cabot Head (1896), stands lonely and isolated on a limestone cliff 21 kilometres east of Wingfield Basin, an important bird and nature reserve in Georgian Bay.

By the early 1900s, railways and roads had diminished the need for water transportation. The building of new lighthouses ceased. But thanks to their superb construction, many remain as poignant reminders of a golden age of shipping on the Great Lakes.

ETHAN MELEG

One of the flowerpot-shaped rock formations that give Flowerpot Island its name.

Penny Johnston is a Toronto writer.

If you go ...

From Point Clark Lighthouse National Historic Site to Tobermory at the tip of the Bruce Peninsula of about 135 kilometres, accessible by Highways 21 and 6. Explorations of onshore sites mentioned in this article can easily occupy a half-day depending on available time and level of curiosity. Plan to take a day for boat excursions to island sites. For information on places to see, accommodations and special events, contact:

Bruce County Tourism
578 Brown Street, Box 129
Wiarton, Ontario NOH 2TO
T: 1-800-268-3838
E: info@explorethebruce.com
W: www.naturalretreat.com

Lighthouses and other sites included in this article are open on a seasonal basis. Some, such as the Cove Island Lighthouse, may only be viewed by boat. For further information, contact:

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W: www.brucecounty.on.ca/museum

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Fathom Five National Marine Park
T: (519) 596-2233
E: bruce-fathomfive@pc.gc.ca
W:www.naturalretreat.com/bruce_lighthouses/flowerpot.cfm

Your Story

Christmastime *chez* Dupuis Frères

Josette Dupuis-Leman reflects on the Christmas traditions of a Montreal institution founded by her family.

With very humble beginnings, Dupuis Frères was one of Montreal's first department stores – historically, it was the only French retail establishment of its kind in North America.

Dupuis Frères was founded by descendants of distressed Acadians who, upon their return to Canada from a cruel exodus, settled in Saint-Jacques-de-l'Achigan, a small Quebec village in Lanaudière county. The Dupuis family lived there for several years. However, the untimely demise of my great-grandfather left his wife, Euphrasie, responsible for the welfare of their nine children. My great-grandmother decided that moving to Montreal would offer them a better future.

Once settled, Euphrasie opened a small shop in her new home, working as a seamstress. She attracted potential clients by displaying needles and thread in her window. Success with the neighbours led her to begin offering a variety of "smallware" items for sale. Two of her older sons, Nazaire and Odilon, eagerly helped Euphrasie in this venture, and before long, they were inspired to open a *real* store. In 1868, they found a suitable building on St. Catherine Street, with space for the family to live on the top floor.

The location was considered risky. Montreal's retail trade was concentrated in the downtown district on Notre Dame, St. James and McGill Streets. Thanks to the vision of the Dupuis family, St. Catherine Street became what it is today, the heart of the city's retail district.

Over the years, Dupuis Frères was enormously successful. By 1920, the store had changed locations twice in order to keep up with growing sales. Still, in choosing new locations, the family never strayed from St. Catherine Street. By expanding their services and staying in the heart of Montreal, they continued to meet their customers' needs.

The store also met the needs of Montrealers by taking a leading role in a notable yearly festivity. June 24, celebrated by French Canadians as Saint-Jean-Baptiste Day, was always commemorated at Dupuis Frères. School bands and military squads played lively music to accompany the marching groups. Among the colourful floats in a grand parade, Dupuis Frères' was always a work of art, eagerly anticipated and heartily cheered at by onlookers. The retail giant's float preceded the ultimate crowd-pleaser in the parade: a curly-haired, young Saint-Jean-Baptiste holding a lamb, the perpetual symbol of the Redeemer.

The hoopla of this one-day craze would be surpassed by the launch of a month-long event when, in the 1920s, elaborate Christmas spectacles captivated North American consumers. Yet, in the basement of the Dupuis Frères' store, the Christmas toy section had unlikely competitors with its merry display. Inexplicably close by were two somewhat discordant departments vying for space: "Fashions for Overweight Ladies" and "Mourning Equipment." Mourning wear was at the time a popular commodity because women wore nothing but black for an entire year after a

JOSETTE DUPUIS-LEMAN

Dupuis Frères' St. Catherine Street facade before the Modernization Program in 1937.

death in the family. Men also had a need for mourning wear, as they sported black armbands and ties to honour the deceased. The department also offered special bereavement stationery: notepaper and envelopes framed in black.

Even so, a special crew was unhindered from decorating the whole department, transforming it into a Christmas wonderland. In preparation for the seasonal craze, the "Director of Visual Presentations," having a great affection for pageantry and parades, hung stars, comets and angels from the ceiling, adding tinkling music for ambience. Santa Claus, usually a policeman or a fireman on special assignment, had an impressive throne on which to greet the children, and adults were also included. With a hearty laugh, kind words and promises, Santa Claus handed candies to everyone. The Fée des Étoiles, or Star Fairy (always a pretty girl chosen from among the staff) offered small gifts to children. The Star Fairy sat close to Santa Claus on her own throne, wearing a diadem and a lovely blue chiffon dress.

The Eaton's department store, Montreal's foremost retailer at the time, was first to organize a colourful parade on the city streets to greet Santa Claus several weeks before Christmas Day. Dupuis Frères also started welcoming Santa with a parade but, graciously, always after the Eaton's event.

Christmas specials were advertised in Dupuis Frères' catalogue – distributed by mail all over Quebec, and throughout the entire country – piquing interest and rousing anticipation for the approaching holiday. Crowds of shoppers were impressed each year by new and stylish decorations adorning the store. They were even more enthused by the exciting arrival of Santa Claus, surrounded by his cohort. His appearance was announced with a red sleigh drawn by horses or reindeer. Slung over his back was a big sack, heavy with gifts.

The decoration team's most successful project, never to be surpassed, was arranging for Santa's arrival from the North Pole by helicopter. The flight actually started at the Dorval Airport and ended in Montreal's Lafontaine Park, where the mayor, accompanied by honorary notables and a wild crowd – not to mention Snow White and the seven dwarves – greeted their bearded hero. After landing in Lafontaine Park, Santa Claus began his holiday reign in the Dupuis Frères store.

In 1947, toys were moved to the more spacious fourth floor to lodge the newly acquired electrical wonder known as the "Space Train." For a small sum children could take exciting joy rides sweeping through the whole department. The thrilling voyage soon evolved into a musical trip to the cosmos, guided by cosmonauts, with light effects, flying saucers, stars, flaring rockets and even hovering green men hanging from the ceiling.

Along with the store's fervent celebration of the Christmas season, it observed the holiday as a holy day. Close ties to the Catholic clergy led management to build an impressive manger each Christmas, near the store's main entrance. Every year, a bishop or a cardinal blessed the manger. Newspapers and radio programs never failed to mention this formality.

Following the succession of his uncles, my father, Albert Dupuis, owned the store from 1924 to 1948. His wife, Henriette, gratefully accepted the decoration team's assistance each year, when they faithfully put up a Christmas tree at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb (as it was called at the time) on St. Denis Street. It was here that my mother dedicated herself to the welfare of the many pupils the kind Sisters of Providence had in their charge. The team also decorated the hall for the Sisters of the Assumption's yearly raffle.

Euphrasie Dupuis would have been astounded, and so very proud if she had witnessed what her descendants accomplished over the years. They developed her brave initiative into a hugely successful enterprise, full of joy and goodwill when extending a "Merry Christmas!"

This text is adapted from the book *The Rise and Fall of Dupuis Frères* by Josette Dupuis-Leman and published by Alain Stanké.

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History Matters

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver**, the **Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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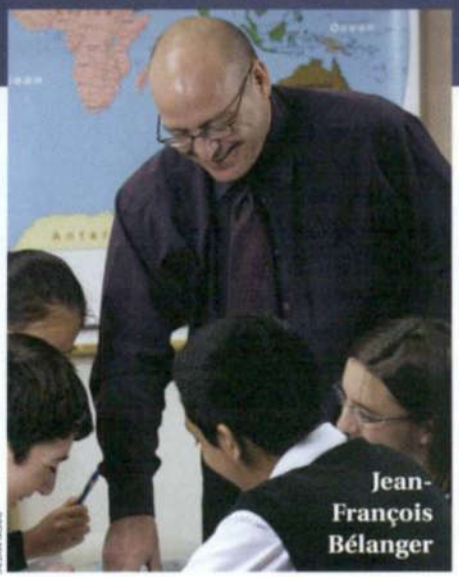
The Beaver was founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, whose commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the ***Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation***.

More than an apple for these teachers

Lorretta Stabler and Patti Thorne

Nine Canadian history teachers, deemed the country's most exceptional by a national panel of judges, have been selected to receive the prestigious 2005 Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History. They will be recognized by Her Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, the Right Honourable Michaëlle Jean, at a November 29 ceremony at Rideau Hall.

We asked each of the recipients to tell us who or what inspired them to teach history, who among Canada's great historic figures were their favourites, what challenges they face teaching, and about the current state of teaching Canadian history. The answers, as you'll read below, are as varied as the geographies from which they come, though each recipient, we're happy to report, is confident that the teaching of history is alive and in good health. We also asked each what they might do with their cash prizes of $2,500. We teased them with the notion of a winter holiday, but all said they would rather invest it in equipment and programs that would help their students. This is why they're award-winning teachers. They were, however, unanimous in one answer. Asked what aspect of the ceremony they


Jean-François Bélanger

were most looking forward to, they all replied: meeting the Governor General.

While visiting Ottawa, the teachers will also be honoured with a special gala evening at the Gatineau Preservation Facility of the National Library and Archives, which includes a rare glimpse into the art vault that stores many of our national treasures. Through their generous partnerships, Bell Canada and Library and Archives Canada, financial contributors to the program, along with Rideau Hall, ensure this is truly a memorable event for our recipients.

Jean-François Bélanger (École Primaire King George, Calgary, Alta.) has been a teacher for 21 years and credits his Grade 11 teacher's zeal for Canadian history for his own passion. "He was the first one to make me realize that history is not objective, but rather subjective, depending on who you asked." Canadian-American relations is his favourite theme to teach. "It amazes me that Canada became a country when its people decided to refuse the American dream and went out of their way to create their own outlandish, if not contrarian, way of being." His favourite figure from Canadian history is Louis Riel because the Métis leader still resonates through lingering divides in the country. History education is better today than it was than he was a student, he says. Both today's technology and the incorporation of oral history make history more vivid for students. His challenge as a teacher, however, is getting access to resources or getting out of the classroom to visit significant historic landmarks.

Linda-Rae Carson (Harry Ainley High School, Edmonton, Alta.) has been teaching for 16 years and was inspired by her family's connections to Canada's past (she counts the original 300 French families on Isle d'Orleans and United Empire Loyalists among her ancestors) to become a history teacher. She lists prime ministers Macdonald, Laurier, and Trudeau, along with pioneering feminists Nelly McClung and Agnes McPhail, among her favourite Canadian history figures. Among the themes she most likes to teach are Canada's role in World War I and World War II and the immigrant experience. For this she finds documents from digital archives and well-produced DVDs to be the most helpful tools. While she feels lack of class time is her biggest challenge in teaching, she's in no doubt that today's history education "has grown up and become really confident" – contrary, she adds, to historian Jack Granatstein's view that Canadian history has been "killed" in the classroom.

Paul Gifford (Sedbergh High School, Montebello, Que.) has been teaching for a decade. He credits a special history teacher for inspiring him to become one. "He made us laugh, made us love it," he recalls. That teacher took them out of the classroom to experience the landscapes of history. So, too, does Gifford, who designed a unit called "The North," a three-day wilderness camping trip for his class in the style of traditional prospectors. No surprise then that John Rae, an HBC explorer who prospered in the North by learning aboriginal ways, is his favourite Canadian history figure, that the land is the resource he finds most helpful in teaching, and that getting students out of the classroom for experiential learning is his greatest challenge. No surprise, too, that he intends to purchase with his award money a traditional winter tent with a map of Canada silk-screened on the back wall to better enlighten and encourage students on those historical winter trips.

Linda-Rae Carson

Sheila Hetherington and Jerry Berridge (Union High School, Unionville, Ont.) have been teaching for 16 and 6 years respectively. Each was inspired to teach history by a formative high school teacher, though Hetherington had an early insight into history's effect on average Canadians when she saw a picture of her father in a book about the World War II

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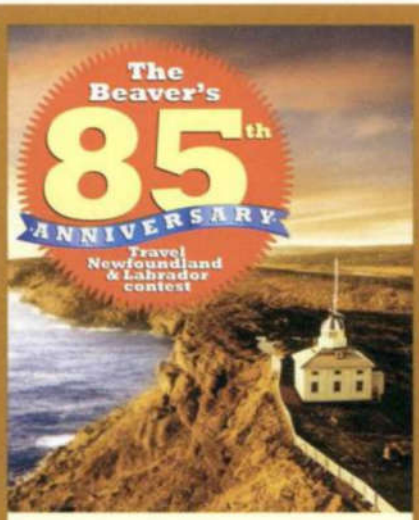
Japanese internment. Both enjoy teaching World War II history, because first-hand accounts from veterans and other survivors of the conflict lend immediacy. For Berridge, war veterans, "the unsung heroes of our country," are his favourite figures in history; for Hetherington, it's Pierre Trudeau. As a teenager, she had his poster on her bedroom wall. They list class size and changing technology as their biggest challenges in teaching, but both agree that history education is much better than it once was. For that, Berridge credits the integration of technology in the classroom; for Hetherington, incorporating the contributions of contemporaries is important. "My students will often say that they don't know anyone 'historical,' but by the end of the course, they realize that they are surrounded by people who have made history."

SANDRINE DEPAS

Caroline Ricard and Valerie Rivard

Caroline Ricard and Valerie Rivard (École primaire internationale Wilfrid-Pelletier, Anjou, Que.) have been teaching for 9 and 4 years respectively. For them, as primary school teachers, history is a starting point, a way to bring students to a broader understanding of society. Marguerite Bourgeois is one of their favourite figures from Canadian history, and their favourite periods of history encompass First Nations and New France. The latter topic they teach with the help of Mémoires de la Nouvelle-France, a multimedia kit with audio-visual elements that "help children put a picture with the words they are reading." Intent on getting their pupils to directly experience history so they can better understand how Quebec society was built, they've even worn period costumes to class. Both believe history education is better today because it's more projected centred. "With an inquiry-based approach, they're more interested and engaged in what they are learning, and so we believe they retain more."

Lorretta Stabler and Patti Thorne (Millarville Community School, Millarville, Alta.) have been teaching for 31 and 27 years respectively. Stories of her father's challenges emigrating from Norway to Canada in 1929 drew Stabler to Canadian history. For Thorne it was frequent family visits to Nova Scotia historic sites and museums. Both have a particular fondness for Canadian exploration and First Nations culture, the "stories of adventure and perseverance through challenging and changing times." Little wonder that together they count among their favourite figures such adventurers as the Vikings, Samuel de Champlain, David Thompson, James Cook, and John Ware. Both credit new technology such as the Internet as the most helpful tool in their teaching, and both believe history education is better for today's students because of it, even though the fast-paced world of new technology creates challenges for them as teachers.



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NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR BREWSTER CANJET

Album

Grace LeBlanc, who submitted this photograph, is the great-granddaughter of Philomene Langlade Bonnenfant. She lives in Guelph, Ontario, and has found researching her French and Métis ancestors an interesting challenge.

Goodchild

Sometime early in the second decade of the 20th century, Walter Goodchild (left) moved his family from Penetanguishene, on southern Georgian Bay, north to Webbwood, 190 kilometres east of Sault Ste. Marie, to work in the lumber trade. His widowed mother Philomene (centre, holding a child) came with them. She was a direct descendant of Charles-Michel Mouet de Langlade, a French hero in the Seven Years' War, whose progeny had settled in the Upper Great Lakes. She had married Antoine Malenfant who, judging his surname unflattering, changed it to Bonnenfant. Walter went a step further and anglicized it, at least informally. When it came time to baptize little Mary (in Philomene's arms) the priest noted the lack of legal process and refused to record her as anything but a Bonnenfant. Later legalities turned her back to a Goodchild. "They were quite the family to change their names," writes Mary's daughter, Grace LeBlanc (née Marcotte). Quite.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Or email your submission to album@thebeaver.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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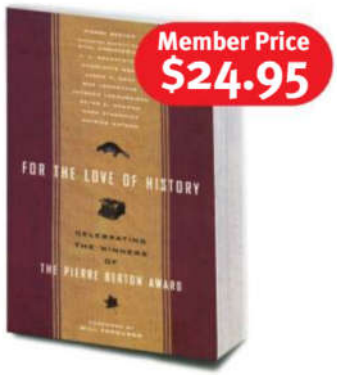

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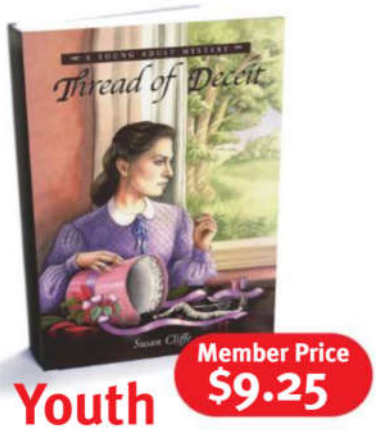

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